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Patterns

Twenty-sixth Edition





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P A T T E R N S

A Publication of
St. Clair County Community College
Port Huron, Michigan

PREFACE

The 25th Silver Anniversary Edition of *Patterns* was special in its unique way not only as the annual publication of student writing and art but as a salute to the tradition by which the publication has been fostered and sustained. The 26th edition is special in its way as it begins another 25 years with the hope that the arts at St. Clair County Community College will continue to reward and sustain both the student artists with pen and brush and the readers with promise and belief in the future. Publication of this edition of *Patterns* coincides with the first *Arts Alive* week celebrating the arts at St. Clair County Community College.

Today educational programs too often are determined by economics, but figures alone cannot show an investment in quality learning experiences. Interest appreciates more in our democratic society when individual needs and abilities are calculated and given equal representation in the continuing development of a multi-faceted, dynamic society. Student contributors to *Patterns* pursue a variety of courses and careers, represent a diversity of ages and backgrounds, yet they share a common goal: reaching others with their verbal and visual interpretations of living in today's world.

The sponsors of *Patterns* in the Art and English disciplines thank the many students whose works were entered into competition for a place in this issue. We are sorry not all could be published and hope some of these students who are still enrolled at St. Clair County Community College will submit work again for the next issue. This year's entries were among the finest the judges have had to evaluate for any edition; there were also more entries submitted than for any previous consideration. That made the decisions more difficult, but it also gave us a variety and quality of work that we can all be proud to share with friends and family.



NORTH STAR SAILS
Drew Pascoots

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GOLD

by Mary Joann Hayes

Nature's first green is gold,
her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
but only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief.
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

(Robert Frost)

Nothing gold can stay. Frost's gold is the golden *joi de vivre* of wonder and youth. Once the golden leaf of childhood opens fully, it continues changing. Though it stays the bright green of maturity longest, gradually it turns golden again and shades to red and brown. Finally it blows away in the winds of time. We all go from gold to green and beyond, but we keep the golden heart of youth inside, the part that refuses to grow up, the part that delights in discovery and the beauty of nature that surrounds us all of our lives. This best part of man is like a hummingbird that darts and weaves illusively, constantly reminding him that nothing gold can stay.

The purest gold of all is the gold of childhood, for children live as Lilliputians in the magical world of giants. They travel on the train of fantasy where one day they are the engineer, and the next they are the train robber. They make paths through high weeds and are transported to darkest Africa, where wild animals threaten and snarl just out of sight. It all becomes so real, that ever after the pungent smell of trampled weeds transforms them back to that fantastical place called childhood. Childhood is where reality is the scratch of Daddy's beard on Saturday morning, the lightening bug sending morse code on the screen door in summer, and the far away counting of a game of hide and seek. But nothing gold can stay . . .

The imagination of childhood remains and helps us as we enter young adulthood; it aids us as we try on the many hats of experimentation and discovery searching for our place in the world. We see ourselves as young Einsteins, Faulkners, and Salks. We are filled with golden idealism and the belief that we can save this world that other generations have made such a mess of. We see no incongruity in reading Shakespeare with a tootsie roll pop in our mouths, or in blowing bubbles with a wad of pink gum while wearing the black cap and gown of completed higher education. At this time of life, we have one foot in the gold of childhood while the other is stepping boldly into steely-eyed adulthood. But nothing gold can stay.

We find that full adulthood is not all steely gray. Golden flashes of joy astonish us like lightening in a summer rainstorm with the sometimes glorious crash of accompanying thunder. Such a golden time is the birth of a child. From the first tentative movements in the womb, to later shared feelings of father and mother as both lay their hands on the distended moving abdomen, to finally holding the tiny human they helped God create, the gold continues. Nurturing and caring for infants and very young children is a returning to our own childhood. Our heart remembers when we felt our mother's face and memorized it with unsteady fingers even as our own small child, like a blind man, brailles our face to feel reality. This is much more than a return to childhood though; it is a new under-

standing of that golden time when we were too young to know or appreciate. We are given a second chance through our parenting. We begin to understand that there is a special kind of golden treasure reserved for us at every age of life. But nothing gold can stay

And then we come to a time of life when we doubt the gold. How can we admit that we have lived more than half of our lives and still know so little? Surely, by now we should have some answers. "So Eden sank to grief," says Frost. One day we realize that it is the search for knowledge that is golden, and truth is discovered in one perfectly formed Lily-of-the-Valley. Disappointment, grief, and disillusionment are a part of life. These are the grey, dry times, but all of nature is in collusion to water these times and turn them into that first golden green of hope. Like a fly, we bumble into the web of life one day and are again caught in its spell. Almost unaware, we see a field of Queen Anne's Lace moving softly in the summer breeze, or a butterfly wafting his wings slowly so that the light catches the changing colors as he sits on a bush, or a small child falls asleep in our arms. We marvel at the soft down on his head and the perfection of his small hand, and we are transformed back into hope and the golden joy of life. But nothing gold can stay

The joy of the golden years of old age is softer, quieter, and more deeply felt. We can no longer run through fields of wild flowers, as once we did, but we can walk bareheaded in a gentle summer rain. The gold grows brighter with age, like a coin worn smooth and shiny from years of being rubbed: first by small chubby hands that delighted at the shape, feel and brightness of it, and then by hands grown larger beginning to realize the worth of the coin. Maturing hands grown accustomed to the coin, and its value, turn into aging hands whose fingers can no longer even feel the inscription, yet know it by heart. At last the golden coin is spent to gain admission to the source of all gold. Truly, nothing gold can stay.

THE SPELLING BEE

by Bonnie Richards

For the first time since the school year began, I woke up before the 7:30 a.m. alarm rang. I dressed in record time, wearing the outfit I had chosen the night before: my favorite navy blue wool jumper over a yellow turtleneck sweater with red knee socks highlighting the gold and scarlet threads which were woven in and out of the blue dress, like flashes of light in a dark sky. I brushed my long hair, grabbed my blue plastic-rimmed glasses, and slipped on a pair of penny loafers. My mother kissed me and said, "Good morning, Sunshine!" as I headed to the bowl of cereal waiting on the kitchen table. The Froot Loops which replaced the usual oatmeal were a treat bought by my parents for this special day.

After brushing my teeth, I pulled on a heavy white sweater and walked outside to wait in the car. The air was seasonably brisk on that November morning, and my breath made little puffs of steam that quickly disappeared. But the sun was shining, and the air smelled fresh and slightly earthy from the layer of leaves blanketing the front lawn. It was going to be a beautiful day.

I opened the car door and climbed into the back seat. The distinctive scent of vinyl in the new blue 1972 Pontiac was a good smell, one I always found to be somehow comforting. As I sat in the chilly car, I thought about the chain of events that had led to the excitement and anticipation I felt this morning.

Words had always intrigued me. Perhaps this is because I began reading when I was three or four years old, or because of the four or five Scrabble games a week that I played with my mother. I was fascinated by how words were spelled, how they sounded, and I felt as though each new word were a key to a door which opened up to me a new, more interesting world. Although I had always been a relatively quiet, shy student, I shined and felt confident in the subjects which placed emphasis on words: English, reading, singing, and especially, spelling. I enjoyed reading in class, joined numerous school and church choirs, and was always one of the top students in English class. Every year, each classroom held a spelling bee, and it was with almost predetermined certainty that the class championship title would belong to me.

This year I was in fifth grade — the last grade in which spelling would be a scholastic subject practiced and graded separately. Next year, spelling would become a part of the English course, and its importance would lose most, if not all, of the emphasis placed on the subject in the elementary grades. For this reason, the *Detroit Free Press* sponsored each year a Spelling Bee Championship Tournament for Michigan students in their final elementary grade (fourth, fifth or sixth grade). All public and private primary schools were invited to participate, and the winning student would go on to a national championship tournament in Washington, D.C.

How difficult would the words be in Washington, D.C.? I wondered.

As my family joined me, and my father pulled the car out of the driveway, I realized I had one more hurdle to jump before I thought about the national tournament. As my mother and sister took turns quizzing me on the trickier words which would be spelled in the upcoming bee, a few butterflies flitted around in my stomach. It was easy to ignore them, however, as I had never experienced any nerve problems during previous spelling contests, not even during the Roosevelt School spelling bee which I had won a month earlier. In fact, I had even looked forward to my turn to spell. I knew I was good and that even with



SEA SWIRL
Paula Elston

the most difficult words, if I thought hard enough, the word would step forward from my memory and appear in my mind's eye, and I would just have to read those letters. I'd always been able to spell this way; this tournament would be no different.

After more than an hour of spelling and joking and dreaming, we arrived at an ordinary but rather large sand-colored brick school building in Clarkston. Enter into my stomach several more monarchs and two dozen cabbage moths. We walked together from our car to the school, registered in a classroom not unlike those at Roosevelt, and then followed the construction paper arrows which directed us to the site of the spelling bee. A giant orange satin banner told us we had reached our destination. Black lettering proudly announced "56th Annual *Detroit Free Press* Spelling Bee Championship Tournament." I stood under the banner for a moment while my mother took a picture, then proceeded through the door.

The gymnasium was the largest I had ever seen. Its features were similar to the Roosevelt gym with which I was familiar: smooth dark brown tile walls allowed light in through high, barred windows on two sides; a stage was curtained at the far end of the gym; bleachers were folded up against one wall. The wood floor was freshly varnished, and sawdust was scattered here and there to keep mothers' heels from slipping. The gym was, in fact, almost identical to Roosevelt's. But everything in this gym seemed to be two or three times the size of the one back home. I wondered why it hadn't looked so big from outside.

I left the comfort of my family's spot on the bleachers and located the gray metal chair that was labeled with my assigned number. As I sat down, a chain of shivers ran up and down my spine. I'm not sure if I shook from the cold metal which touched the bare portions of my legs, or if I was startled as I noticed there were at least two hundred other students sitting here, waiting to claim the championship title, each of whom was spelling champion of one school or another from all over the state. I remembered how important I had felt as Roosevelt's sole spelling champ. I recalled my pride when the principal announced to all classes that I was to represent the school in this contest. Here, however, I realized I wasn't all that important. Every student in this gym had earned the same honor. For some reason, this thought had never occurred to me before, and suddenly I did not feel nearly as smart or as confident as I had earlier this morning. Up until this day, I had simply assumed that my best would be good enough to win this tournament. Now I wondered if, in fact, my best *would* be good enough. How could I face anybody — the school, my family, my friends — if I didn't win? The thick, dark, murky wave of panic that swept over me refused to yield to my attempts to subdue it.

The spelling bee began. One by one, each student was called upon, stood, and recited the spelling of "aerial" or "astronaut" or "abacus." None of the forty-two students before my turn made a mistake. As my turn approached, I wondered how long the spelling might go on before the contest was narrowed down to one finalist. The boy next to me got up and spelled "aardvark." He sat down, and I heard my number being called.

The butterflies were no longer in my stomach — they were beating their wings ferociously throughout my arms, my legs, and worst of all, in my head. I could barely make out the word I was to spell. "Address." That was an easy one to spell. Now, if only I could remember if it was two "d"s and one "r," or was it one "d" and two "r"s?

I began to recite, "A, D, D, R. . ." Which way was it spelled? Think hard, Bonnie. I

concentrated as deeply as I could, trying to ignore the deafening roar of indecisive wings whirring in my ears. Then, at last, the word appeared underneath my eyelids — two “d”s and one “r”! Now then, where had I left off — I believe I had spelled A-D-D. And so I continued, “R, E, S, S.” With a heavy sigh of relief, I sat down and listened for the next speller as I began to relax.

But the next speller was not called. I looked at the judges for the first time. There were five of them — all men, and all quite up in their years. They were whispering among themselves. What could the matter be? Finally one of them looked at me and said, “I’m sorry. That ’s incorrect. Please step down.” I was confused. I was sure I had spelled the word correctly. What had happened? Whatever the reason, it was too late now, and I must get up and leave. I looked around briefly. All the judges were staring at me. Every other parent was watching me as well, in a grateful sort of way, that by being the first to fail, I saved their sons and daughters the agony. I tried to stand up. The butterflies were gone. Now I was simply numb, feeling nothing of my body but the burning sensation on my cheeks and the wetness which I was trying to keep from obviously running from my eyes over those hot cheeks. I was embarrassed, hurt, confused, in a sort of daze which protected me from all those eyes which had fallen upon me. I walked out of my aisle and had no choice but to walk in front of all those students, as fast as I could without running, over to my parents. They asked if I cared to watch the remainder of the spelling bee; I declined, and we left.

The ride home was quiet. I think my parents were trying to grope for the right things to say, and in their fear of saying something wrong, they said little or nothing at all. This was fine with me, since it gave me time to think. I thought about how I had made my parents drive for nearly three hours only to disappoint them. I thought about how terribly I had represented my school. I thought about the Froot Loops, and I thought about the miserable failure I really was. I had known exactly how to spell my word, but somewhere between my mind and my mouth, the knowledge had gone in some other direction.

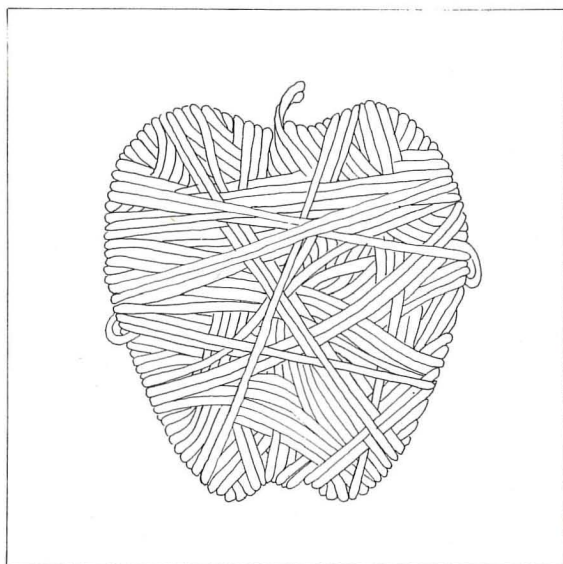
For the sake of my parents, by the end of the ride home, I had managed to portray the attitude that it really didn’t matter that I hadn’t won, and I think this relieved them somewhat. The spelling bee was brought up only one time after that, and that was in congratulations and admiration of a hard cover *Webster Dictionary* engraved with my name in gold, which was presented to me the following week. The situation was similar at school. No mention was made of my loss, only of my attendance at the championship tournament.

But inside, I felt the disappointment and the shamefulness of my performance. That fateful day repeated itself over and over in my mind, eating at my confidence, my self-respect, my competitive spirit. After several weeks of private turmoil and agonizing, I decided that even if I did have the qualities necessary to compete in any subject, I certainly did not have the wires connected properly to facilitate even the possibility of victory in a competition. Contests and competitions and victories and glory were meant for others — not me. I may have what it takes inside, but when it comes out, it becomes a disaster. I decided it would be much safer and in my nature to stay out of the limelight and never again risk experiencing the nightmare of that spelling bee.

A month later I had the opportunity to put my philosophy into practice, when I was asked to be Service Squad Captain for the second half of my fifth grade year. I turned it down, citing not my real reason, but that I was “too busy.” My teacher looked at me hard and shook her head disapprovingly, but said nothing.

In April of that year, I was asked to sing a solo at the Easter ceremony at our church. I told my choir director I'd think about it, and two days later came down with a terrible cold which did not allow me to go to practice. And year after year, so have I passed up such risky endeavors, until eventually, people did not even bother to ask. It is much easier now; people leave me alone and I am never embarrassed. But sometimes I wonder what it would have been like to sing in a band, or be Student Council President, or speak in support of a politician whose beliefs I firmly believe. Ten years after my miserable experience in fifth grade, I am trying to become more outgoing, speak my mind when I feel strongly about something, and take the risks involved in pursuing success. But the scars from that spelling bee defeat are still tender, and it is easier for me to take a chance on something that isn't really too important to me — so that if I fail, the loss I feel won't be quite so great. Another method I use to overcome my fear of disappointment, failure, and embarrassment is to volunteer myself for a challenge, such as a speaking engagement, before I have time to think about it. Such practice does not, of course, help deal with my fears, but it does contribute a great deal by avoiding them.

I always knew that spelling bee had affected the way I dealt with certain situations. Until I analyzed explicitly the feelings and thoughts and recollections of that day, however, I did not realize the great extent to which my fears have culminated as a result of that day. It is my hope that this discovery and analysis are, in fact, the first steps on the road to my becoming a happier, more self-confident person.



YARN APPLE (Full View)
Alex Gleissner

IF ONLY . . .

by Mary Joann Hayes

My mother's childhood experiences were only stories she told us, until the summer I actually slid down the sand hills in the woods on her father's farm in Southern Indiana and got the seat of my underbritches yellow (as she had done before me) when my dress rode up as she said it would. It was 1941, and I was nine years old, a city girl transplanted like Alice in Wonderland into another world: a world of tree climbing and swinging from wild grape vines like Tarzan in the woods, a place where funny bugs spent their lives rolling balls of cow dung uphill and waterspiders skated across the creek like ice skaters on top of the water as we splashed barefoot after them. It was a journey into my mother's childhood complete with the most important person in her life at that time, her father.

Every summer two tickets would come in the mail from Grandad, and two of us seven children were chosen to spend a summer with Grandad and Aunt Marie. The summer I was chosen, my eight year old brother, Eugene, went with me. He and I shared experiences and our Grandad, who had my complete heart. It is not his looks that I remember so vividly through all these years, though he was good looking, tall, with white hair, and a courtly manner. I remember the way he treated Eugene and me. He knew how to talk to children. He didn't stoop to our level; he raised us to his. He gave his full attention; he listened to what we said with as much respect as he expected from us. We knew he liked to be with us, and we knew he loved us though he never told us so. He never hugged or kissed us much, but he chuckled at our jokes and shared equally corny jokes with us. He was a man in whose company I felt warmed. He was fun.

Aunt Marie was my mother's youngest sister; she kept house and cooked for Grandad and us. She was a large, sturdily built woman with a warm heart, red curly hair, and a face with almost as many freckles as mine. She loved the three cows she milked each day. I see her yet, in my mind's eye, wearing a cotton print house dress and an apron in the old barn that showed light between the boards of aged outer walls. The air was permeated with the warm milky smell, intermingled with the aroma of cow manure, a smell that always takes me back to that barn. She straddled her three-legged milking stool and talked soothingly to the cow as she stripped each teat in rapid succession causing the milk to foam up. Several cats sat around waiting while the milking was going on and every once in a while my aunt would send a stream in their direction. I marvelled at how little was missed by the wily cats. In retrospect, my aunt could have been a character in a Tennessee Williams' play: she had enough disappointment in life. She fell in love only once with a man she couldn't marry as he was her first cousin. She was the one who was left to care for her father in his old age. She was called an old maid, a term which still makes me sad because it means unwanted. She spent rainy summer afternoons showing me the treasures in her hope chest: beautifully embroidered sheets and pillowcases, quilts lovingly pieced together in intricate designs, crocheted and tatted doilies, and pieces of household utensils. It was a monument to a young woman's broken dreams. She hadn't given up hope, though she never married. She really wouldn't have made a very good tragic character, as she didn't feel sorry enough for herself. She worked hard, laughed loud, and loved us. I feel we took the place of dream children she never had. I still have the quilt she gave me for a wedding present; it was the one that I had admired that summer I was nine.

My brother and I shared the big double bed upstairs. It had a corn shuck mattress with an opening in the center where he and I would put our arms into as far as they would go and ruffle up the dry shucks until the mattress was as tall as a pile of leaves under a tree in fall. Jumping into bed at night was like settling down for the night in a bed of dry autumn leaves; it rustled with every move. I wonder if my lifelong love of walking through piles of dry autumn leaves ruffling my feet isn't somehow linked to that old corn shuck mattress on that bed made for children.

The farmhouse was built in the late 1800's and had only a hand pump in the kitchen for running water. Electricity was added in the 1920's, along with the distinctive and beautiful blue and white lightening rods on the roof. There was one electric wire going upstairs with a lightbulb dangling over our bed. This light could be turned on from downstairs through a series of connected strings tied from the light to the bannister, to a long hanging string that reached to the bottom of the stairs. If we got scared in the night, or if we had to use the thunder mug (inside toilet) under the bed in the middle of the night, we only had to reach up and pull the string. It was a completely sensible arrangement engineered by Grandad for his children when they slept in this bed.

Of the three porches on Grandad's house, my favorite was the back porch with the swing on it. This is where company was entertained and the stories were told on warm summer nights. Grandad was a reader; he read so much that he had to augment his glasses with a magnifying glass as he read. He and Aunt Marie would sit on the sway-seated old swing, and Eugene and I would sit on the porch edge dangling our legs and feeling the dew of the grass on our bare feet as Grandad told us stories. He told stories of strange animals he had read about, dinosaurs that became real as he described them in the swaying trees in the distant woods. And he told ghost stories that scared us off the porch and onto the swing under protective arms, deliciously frightened. Grandad made Eugene go with me to the outhouse after because I saw things everywhere, scary things. Gene loved being brave.

On the side of the house, a patch of tall hollyhocks bloomed below the kitchen window, and next to this was the slanted cellar door, which was my place for being alone and dreaming or thinking. My aunt had a small hen called a Bandy who always had a new bunch of baby chicks following her. Her nest was hidden somewhere near the cellar door and I loved to watch her with her babies. They were tiny balls of yellow fluff with two stick legs underneath; she never let them get too far away from her. How she kept track of six or eight chicks all moving at the same time in different directions is still a mystery to me. I had to sit very still, for at the slightest sound or movement, she would "cluck cluck" her secret message of alarm and spread her beautiful many hued wings, and all the chicks would run under as she closed her wings over them for protection. I would imagine the hen was my mother in a big brown coat folding it around all of us children with only our feet showing like the tiny yellow feet of the Bandy chicks. I guess I was homesick sometimes.

The summer seemed to rush to its end and, like Alice, we had to go back to our own world. After running barefoot all summer my shoes no longer fit, and I had to wear a pair of Aunt Marie's old slippers to go home on the train. I felt alien wearing house slippers in public; they were too big. This only added to my bereft feelings at leaving this summer and the two warm people who had become mother and father to us. I don't remember that I cried, but I do recall vividly the feeling of loss. I went back again for short visits with my family, but it never was the same.

I wish there were some way that I could make my children see and feel my Grandad as I did. I have told them about him and how his touch on the top of my head was more comforting than a kiss. I don't have the luxury my mother had of giving each of her children a summer that she remembered. Yet there is no other way that they could understand. They think it's weird that I wore dresses to climb trees even if all girls did then. They can't even imagine wearing dresses to school. If only I could take them on a train that no longer runs, to a farm that no longer exists, to meet a man who died before they were born, with a nine year old girl who is still alive inside me. If only



WORK HORSE
Lisa Geiger

EUTHANASIA

by Denise Hipp

We are living in a technological age. Medical advances in the last two decades have given doctors miraculous powers. Most distressing to me is the increased advancement made in the mechanization of how we die. Drugged into semiconsciousness, our hearts and lungs plugged into machines, thousands of terminally ill are being forced to live out their last days in a dazed stupor.

Not surprisingly, this dehumanization of what should be one of life's most humane moments has triggered a bitter public outcry. We are starting to question seriously the value of prolonging life when there is no real hope for recovery. People are rebelling against having their loved ones live out their days as human vegetables. I join in this outcry.

Three ways of ending life are legal in the eyes of our judicial system: abortion, capital punishment, and war. Yet mercy killings remain illegal.

The definition of mercy killing or euthanasia is that one human being helps another to end intolerable suffering, sometimes because of compassion, sometimes because of horror, but most often in response to pleas of the sufferer. Euthanasia, a word of Greek origin, literally means a good or peaceful death. But law forbids such an act. Yet some people are beginning to take a more realistic view and adopting innovations that promise to restore a measure of dignity and humanity to the act of death.

One such act is the "Living Will" which is addressed to "My Family, My Physician, My Clergyman, My Lawyer." The will states in part "If the time comes that I can no longer take part in decisions for my own future, let this statement stand as the testament of my wishes. If there is no reasonable expectation of my recovery from physical or mental disability, I request that I be allowed to die and not be kept alive by artificial means or heroic measures. Death is as much a reality as birth, growth, maturity and old age — it is the one certainty. I do not fear death as much as I fear the indignity of deterioration, dependence and hopeless pain. I ask that medication be mercifully administered to me for terminal suffering even if it hastens the moment of death." Realize, of course, that the will has no legal binding, but it is a measure of how dramatically attitudes toward death have changed. Those who have watched a loved one needlessly put through the tortures of resuscitation usually come away resolved not to let that happen to them. The will allows them at least to make that decision clear to their physician.

I do not agree that mercy killings should be adopted for every case in which someone simply wants to die. I am referring to the terminal cases, those that are beyond medical help and will sooner or later die without machines and medications. Those who because of these machines and medications are forced to suffer.

Most doctors object to mercy killings because their main goal is to keep patients alive. But no matter how hard they try, they cannot play God. The intensive care units are the twilight zones between life and death — the ultimate laboratories of doctors who have learned to save everything but the human soul.

Though most of us are likely to die in a hospital, experts agree that a hospital is the last place we should die. Its whole orientation is toward healing. Its staff doesn't have time or training to minister to the dying as they wish. Their one goal is to keep the dying alive through whatever means necessary.

For those of you opposed to euthanasia, perhaps my solution will change your

mind. First, I recommend more hospices — a type of hospital that is restricted to the terminally ill and exists for only one purpose — to provide a good death. Here, they are administered pain killers but never sedated into a stupor. The guiding philosophy is that a dying person's last days should be given over to family and friends. Secondly, these hospices offer counseling programs for the dying. Staffed by ministers, psychiatrists, social workers and psychologists, the terminally ill are helped to face the inevitability of their death. But more importantly, they are assured that they will not be allowed to become vegetables but will be treated as human beings whose wishes to die peacefully and naturally will be respected. Obviously, no therapy or program can completely calm one's anxieties of death. But perhaps through such a program the terminally ill can come to terms with himself and be prepared to release his grip on life with grace and dignity, assured that in the end the pain and suffering will not be prolonged; assured that they will not become human vegetables. Then perhaps they will not fear the indignity of deterioration, dependence and hopeless pain.

DEAFENING SILENCE by Kelly Cejmer

I was alone, walking on a crowded sidewalk.
Not a friendly face could be found.
The night was dark and as silent as I've
ever remembered.
I walked thoughtlessly away from this crowd
and the noise;
Then I noticed the sounds of my footsteps
becoming louder and louder realizing
that each step has that same sound, step after step
their rhythmic balance of sound put me
into a state of hypnosis and when I stopped,
the silence was deafening.



VICTORIAN HOUSE
Alex Gleissner

THREE CHICKS ON AN ISLAND

by Nancy Levy

In the summer before we began college, two of my friends and I decided we needed a last fling before becoming "official adults". While we considered "sun-and-fun-filled" weeks in such exotic locale as New Orleans or Bermuda, our bank accounts made a pretty convincing argument for us to say "Yes" to Michigan. Although Castle Rock (where you can spit 300 feet), the World's Largest Crucifix (home of the glow-in-the-dark rosary), and other such places were appealing, Mackinac Island eventually became our destination.

To most Michiganians, Mackinac Island is that little spot Up North with the Grand Hotel and all those horses, where fudge is a dietary staple. Four days on the island confirmed some of these views and also gave me a new image of this "enchanted isle".

Our voyage into yesteryear began with the ferry trip over to the island. After installing our luggage in the hotel room, we ventured out to explore Main Street. As we wandered in and out of the shops lining both sides of the street, I began to realize that this was the place to find those small sought-after items unavailable anywhere else. For example, hasn't each one of us, at some time, yearned for a Grand Hotel-model toothpick dispenser, or a foot-and-a-half long comb bearing the message: "Having a Wonderful Time, Wish You Were Hair!!".

As we continued our "just looking" spree, I wondered if the island would one day be buried under a foot-thick layer of T-shirts. Every shop seemed to display T-shirts for any occasion. I began to get the impression that most of the world's population had relatives who went to Mackinac Island and brought back only "this lousy T-shirt."

Our second day on the island, we decided to spend on a day-long bike trip. So, at the crack of ten, we packed our cameras, rented bicycles, and stopped at the General Store to buy our picnic lunch. Since we were on a limited budget, lunch that day consisted of three Cokes, a box of *Sociables* crackers, a can of *Cheez-Whiz*, and a pound of mixed peanut butter/chocolate fudge.

That morning we rode approximately half-way around the island, occasionally stopping to take pictures of some of the houses bordering the cliffs. As the afternoon approached, we decided to turn off the main road to explore the little cemetery. After wandering among the old-fashioned tombstones and puzzling over the moss-filled inscriptions, we decided this would be a good place to have lunch. We had been sitting on the cemetery wall, eating cheese smeared crackers and fingers-full of gooey fudge for about ten minutes when the first horse-drawn bus approached. From under the red fringed canopy, camera-clutching Mid-westerners watched us munching our *Sociables* as the tour guide urged them to "Look-to-the-right-to-see-the-oldest-tombstone-on-Mackinac-Island." By the third bus, we had begun to join the guide in his speech and even point out the oldest tombstone. We were not prepared, however, for the fourth guide who told his passengers to "look to the right to see three young ladies eating fudge in a graveyard."

The next big event of our vacation occurred the following day. We went to the Grand Hotel for lunch. We had heard about the hotel's dress code and so dressed accordingly. After shivering through a rain-soaked ride in horse-drawn taxi, we discovered, upon entering the dining room, that the dress code only applied after 6:00 p.m. — we were the only women wearing dresses. Lunch was, frankly, rather

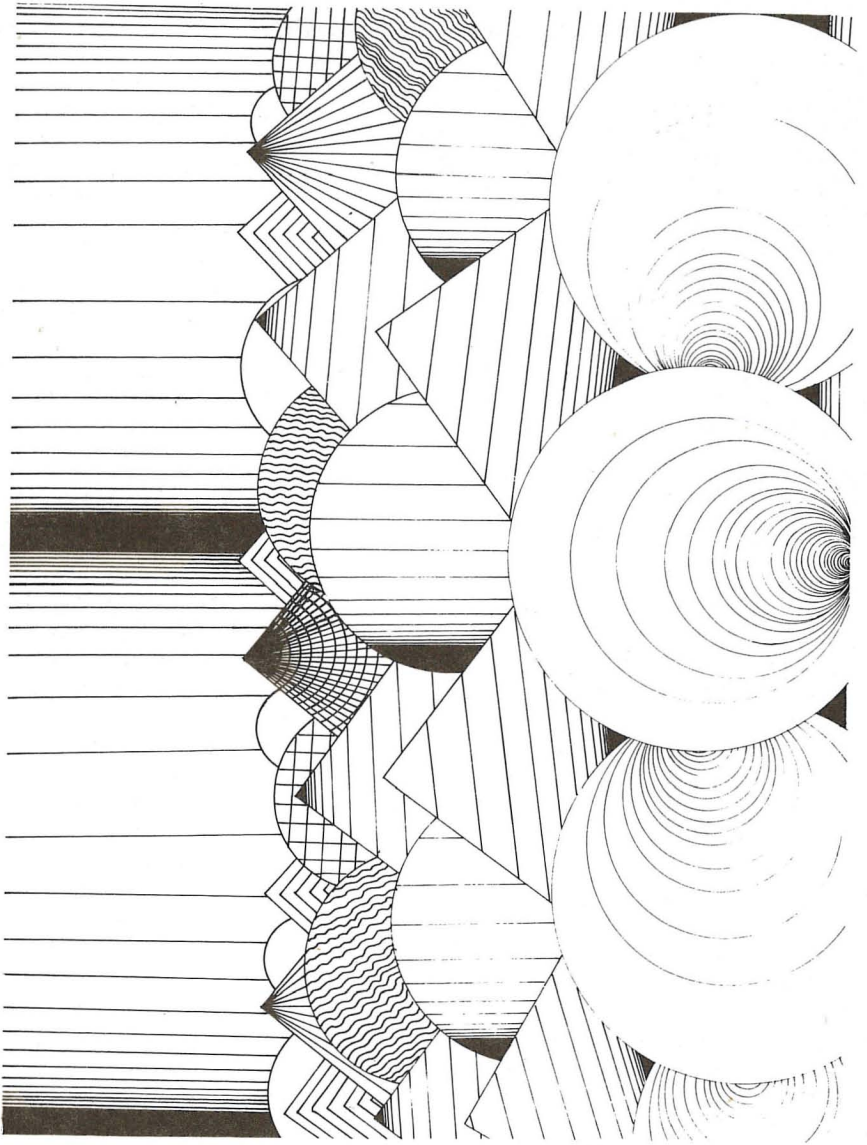
disappointing. It was just an enormous spread of cold cuts. However, after lunch, as we wandered about the hotel, I managed to get some history-making pictures of Kathy and Robyn by the Grand Hotel bathroom towel dispenser.

That evening, we pulled on our jeans and sweatshirts for a walk through town. As we were meandering along Main Street, we found ourselves walking behind three girls close to our age. These girls weren't in jeans, however; they were dressed in the official "preppie" uniform complete with green blazers and multiple-plaid golf shorts. As they walked, we could hear them talking about something "ooky". I even think I heard one girl address another as "Babs". It was at this point, that I noticed the street was awash in green blazers, madras plaid, and Sperry top siders. Perhaps the "Miss Prep of America" contest was in town, or we three middle-class adventurers were witnessing the WASPs returning to "The Mack".

This observation was even more strongly enforced as we left the island the next day. On the return ferry trip, two plaid-natty looking couples were seated in front of us. One of the women was telling her companions all the wonderful qualities of the hotel at which they had stayed.

"It was marvelous," she exclaimed, "and look, they even gave us lunch," as she opened a small white box and displayed its contents. "A little package of cheese, and this cute loaf of bread and even this sweet little bottle of wine. Isn't it adorable? . . . What kind of wine is this? I've never heard of it before." She held the miniature bottle up squintingly to the light, "Boo . . . Bo . . . Boones Farm? — How sweet!"

This little bit of eavesdropping remains one of my favorite memories of our fling. But even "journeys to an enchanting isle of yesteryear" must come to an end. Although we were deprived of minute bottles of sweaty-swill wine, each of us brought back some good memories, three pounds of fudge — and a Grand Hotel-model toothpick dispenser.



LANDSCAPE OF THE UNKNOWN
Robert W. Paul.

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO SLEEP IN PUDDLES?

by Michelle Pavlov

Camping could be considered a test of a person's survival skills. A person must be able to lift heavy loads, find his own food, and be able to find appropriate bathroom facilities. What possesses a person to go camping? Is it the thrill of adventure? Or is it sheer stupidity? There is no pleasure in being completely frozen, constantly hungry, and sore from the ears down. I know, because I went camping, and it was the worst experience of my whole life.

I had a biology teacher who was a high adventure woman. She climbed mountains and glaciers, conquered white water rapids, and skied the mountains of Vail, Colorado. She felt that if our advanced biology class went camping, it would promote "togetherness," and it would be a time to discover ourselves. I sure did discover myself. I realized just how much of a wimp I really was. I had been camping once before, and I had a horrible time. I agreed to go, with hesitation, just hoping that I would have fun. My ordeal began on Saturday morning, October 17, 1981.

It was a cool, crisp Saturday morning with a temperature of about forty degrees. We had to meet at school at eight o'clock so we could get an early start. The class had piled into five vans, and we headed out to a class member's farm on Ravenswood Road. His farm was beautiful. It had a barn and farm animals, tractors, and a farm house with smoke floating out of the chimney. I could picture in my mind a loaf of fresh homemade bread, fresh apple pies, and a cozy fireplace. But more importantly, there was a telephone, some Pepsi, and a bathroom, in case things were unbearable. I started feeling better about this trip until I found out our campsite was two miles back in the woods. My mouth dropped open, and I knew there was no turning back. I wanted to cry.

After a thirty minute hike through a snake infested field, we finally arrived at the campsite. We then started to unpack our things. My arms ached from dragging a cooler, a lawn chair, and several bags of clothes and equipment. I was starting to become testy already. After all of the tents were set up, I was ready for a nap. But no, we weren't here to relax, we were here to have "fun." It was about noon now, and I got involved in a game of football. The game went on all afternoon. My body screamed with pain. Around four o'clock, I disappeared into my tent. I couldn't wait to eat; I was so hungry. I pulled out a pack of Twinkies I was hiding, and I was happy for a moment. I wished I could go home.

The trip only became worse after five o'clock. We started with dinner — a dry spaghetti with some stale corn chips. Halfway through dinner, it started to rain. We all sat out in the rain inhaling our dinner because we were all starving. I was very cold before, but now I was cold and wet. I knew that at any minute pneumonia would be knocking at my tent flap. It was starting to get dark, so everyone pulled chairs around the fire to talk. The rain was heavy now, but we still sat out in it playing a silly hand rhythm game. The rain was making the firewood wet, and the smoke was unbelievable. To make everything worse, the wind blew the smoke directly into my face. My eyes watered, and my lungs gasped for air. I couldn't stand it anymore, so I left and went into my tent. Maybe now I could go to sleep.

I was almost asleep, when the whole class piled into my tent. Teacher X wanted

to talk to all of us, and my tent was the biggest one, so everyone made themselves at home. My teacher asked us questions like, "What would we do with the last five minutes if we knew we were going to die?" and "How well do you get along with your family?" This "pry session" continued into the early morning hours. I resented the invasion of my privacy. I was irritated, cold, hungry, and sleepy. Finally, everyone left, and I fell asleep immediately. It rained steadily through the night. The worst possible thing happened. I woke up suddenly coughing, and I could barely breathe. The tent had flooded, and I was sleeping in a huge puddle! This was all I could stand. I was shivering uncontrollably, my pillow and sleeping bag were saturated with water, and I was fed up with this lousy trip. It was almost six o'clock in the morning now. I had only a few more hours left.

The sun came up, and my girlfriend and I left early. We said that we had to go to work later. I had only two miles to civilization. Once again I dragged my gear — the cooler, the lawn chair, and bags of equipment back to the car. I was delighted when I saw the beautiful farm house again. I was even more excited when I saw the car. I was ecstatic on my way home. I couldn't believe the trip was over. I had survived the wilderness!

I will always remember how I felt on that long weekend. Never again will I battle the forces of nature, or sit around a smoking campfire, or sleep in puddles. I will be contented to have fun in a recliner with a Big Gulp and sleep in a warm, dry bed.



DIVIDED CAR
Bob Mack

EULOGY FOR GUS

by Shirley Ann Briscoe

"Why all the upset?" a friend said. "It was only a cat." Only a cat? Obviously, she does not understand.

Gus died today. Yes, he was a cat, but a very special cat — special from the moment of his birth on the last day of June, 1980. He was handled and petted from that first moment. When his mother, only a kitten herself, ignored him, he adopted us.

Gus was a beautiful grey striped cat, with stripes so evenly and perfectly matched that one knew that only the Master Tailor could have fashioned him. The stripes in his coat were grey, black, gold, and brown, and his chin and mouth were white. His eyes were bright gleaming gold and never missed a thing. He held his grey striped tail high and curved in the shape of a question mark.

He was always wondering about something! When he wanted to know what someone was doing at the kitchen cupboard, he would jump up onto the radiator next to the cupboard so that he could see what was going on and get a treat from time to time. He wondered what was in a pile of Christmas or birthday wrapping paper, so he must go into, over, and under the pile to investigate. Gus could not understand why one of his people would willingly place herself in a tub of water, so he would bat at the water to try to see why she did it. This led, several times, to embarrassment for him. Sometimes he would be too curious, would fall into the water, and then go streaking through the house, wet and furious.

Gus spent most of the winter sleeping on the radiator by the window overlooking the backyard, or sitting on the lap of anyone who sat down to read, watch television, or knit. If the favored person was knitting, he would pat or bite at the moving needles, or watch the yarn move slowly over the arm of the chair, and then suddenly explode into activity, biting, batting, and chasing that enticing string.

He tried to make friends with the other cat in the family, a twelve-year-old black cat named Velvet. But, Velvet had been an "only" cat until this young upstart joined the group, and she was not interested in a friendship.

Gus loved to tease the grey poodle who also lived with him. He would take a gentle swat at Bunny as she walked by him, or scratch his claws on the sofa, which he knew was forbidden. He also knew that Bunny had been taught to "get the kitty" whenever he scratched something. Either action was guaranteed to make Bunny chase him, and they would have great fun running all over the house, jumping onto and off beds and chairs, finally arriving back in the living room to be admired and laughed at by the family. Then, Gus would sit in the middle of the room and start washing his paws, with a look that clearly said, "Look how clever I am, and how foolish that dog is!"

He was always willing to play if one wanted to, the rougher the better. But, if one of his people was sick or feeling sad, he became the gentlest of cats, and sat on her lap and rubbed his head against her face, as if to say, "Cheer up, I still love you."

Gus loved to be hugged. The harder one hugged, the louder he would purr. He also liked to be hugged when he went to sleep at night. He would lie snuggled beside someone and put his head in the curve of an elbow, expecting to be petted. All was well until the chosen person started getting drowsy and stopped petting him. Then he would place his mouth around the petting hand, with just enough

force from his teeth to remind the injudicious one that he was armed, and that this neglect could become serious!

Gus was only sick for three days. Dr. DeMeritt worked over him, trying to save him, but toxins had built up too rapidly for antibiotics to overcome. A tearful family went to say good-bye to a dearly loved pet, gently petting, rubbing, and scratching all his favorite places. Even then, sick as he was, he sent a message of love to those who loved him. Through his soft fur, one could feel the faint vibrations of a purr.

Gus will be sorely missed. Good-bye, dear little friend. Good-bye.

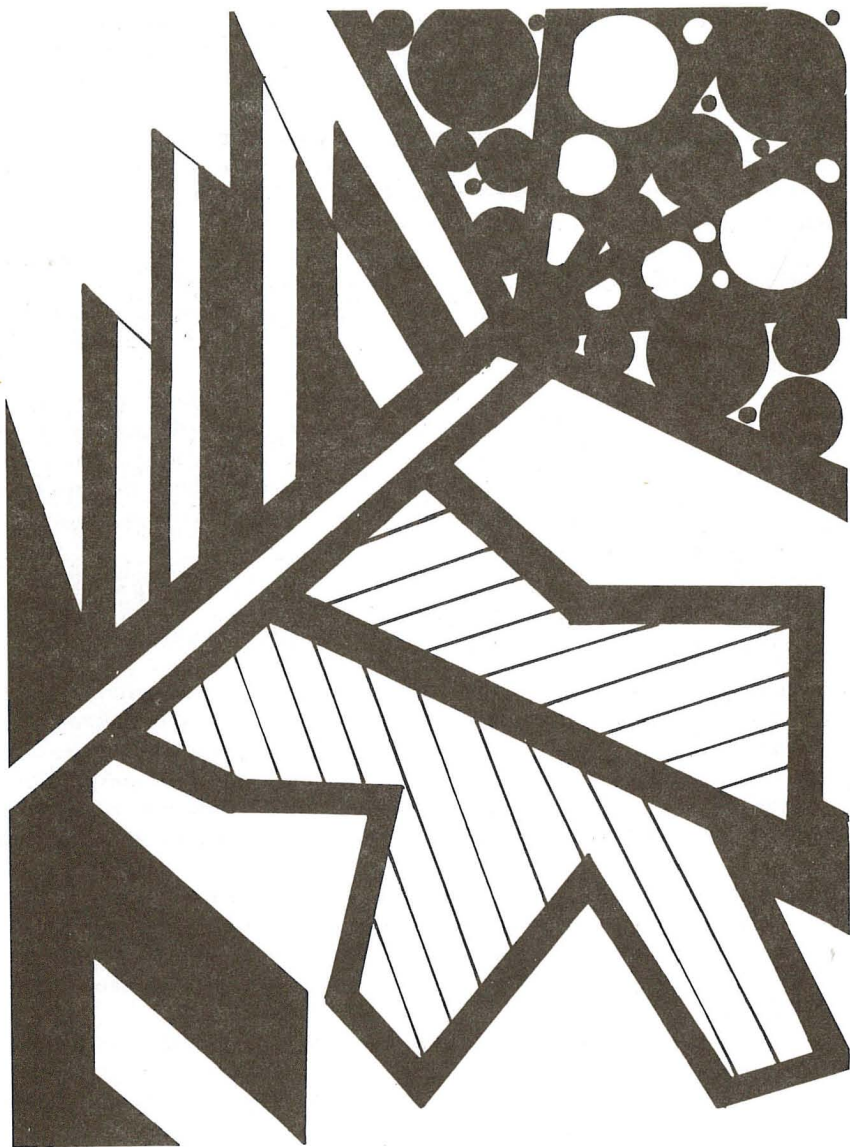
SUFFRAGE WON by Keay Brosseit

An old man snoring,
Not to be budged.
A backed up sewer,
Ornery and plugged.
A little old woman,
Gnarled with age,
Wearing four-buckle boots,
And a look of rage.

THE LAST TIME

by Gretchen Jeanette Lee

The old battered blue 1964 Dodge two-door van creaked down the dusty dirt road at a pace that probably did not even register on the speedometer. Looking more like a restored hearse than a van, the vehicle halted and a man, a very old man, slid out. The man was huge, not fat, but muscular from years of hard work. His body was well preserved despite his face that resembled a stewed prune with all the wrinkles and crevices. His milky blue eyes looked tired, and the life that usually radiated from him was not there. The old man shuffled to the rear of the van opened the two rear doors, unsettling some of the fruits he had stored back there. He was the apple man, the Santa Claus of the summer with his red ripe apples, sweet juicy oranges, tasty seedless grapes, or other favorite fruits. The old man worked quietly and efficiently serving his customers, mostly children hoping for free treats. Slowly, glancing about as if trying to take everything in perspective, the old man shuffled back to the front of the old battered blue van and with milky tears in his eyes and a sad expression on his face, he climbed in, drove away, and was never seen again.



QUEEN'S LACE
Marcia Ruff

DANSE PARANOIA

by Nancy Levy

Before me are two tall, carved wooden doors, their brass handles glowing dully in the moonlight. My companions, ignorant of what awaits them inside, blithely open one of these doors and begin the descent into the depths. As we walk down the hall, I am filled with a sweaty-palmed, stomach-tickling anxiety, which reaches its apex when we encounter — *Him!*

There he stands, his Miller-Lite-muscular form concealed under a cover of blue pin-stripes. He towers over us, his features moving with barely concealed violence, as he asked in pseudo-polite tones: "May I see your I.D. please?"

And so begins another evening of fun in the singles' bar.

As every American college student knows, bars are a place to drink, dance, talk, and meet people of the opposite sex willing to participate in whatever you plan to do after your money runs out. But the real purpose of bars is to boost self-confidence, that turned out into the night, I can be secure in the knowledge that I am bordering on extreme paranoia.

This feeling of paranoia begins a few minutes after I sit down. Like everyone else, I spend a large part of the evening "checking out" the people who are "checking out" me. After I finish with the men, it doesn't take me long to discover that every other girl present is a Miss America candidate. At the same time, I recall that last glance in the mirror before leaving home and realize that, compared to these girls, I look like the March of Dimes poster child.

With these thoughts in mind, I try to establish a good, stare-for-stare relationship with the table. The two of us will no doubt be spending a lot of time together this evening. Indeed, the next several minutes pass as my friends and I nurse our drinks and comment on various parts of male anatomies which pass our table. Only after I have uttered the phrase "cute buns" so many times that I no longer know what it means, do I find a pair of these buns asking me to dance.

My first impulse is to embrace this savior of my social status and scream: "YES, I'd love to dance with you. I'll even name my first child after you and give you all my worldly goods — God bless you wonderful man!" However, realizing this response might make me appear *slightly* desperate, I murmur an ultra-casual, "sure".

As we walk to the dance floor, the owner of the buns informs me that his name is Mike. I respond with my own name in a soft, sexy Marilyn Monroe voice. This elicits a romantically shouted "What?" I decide not to compete with the music, but instead, shrug my shoulders and give him my thousand-dollars-worth-of-braces-smile.

We move on to the postage-stamp dance floor and begin to dance to the sensual, romantic rhythms of Echo and the Bunny Men. As we contort our bodies and try not to run into our fellow contortionists, Mike says to me, "Great song." I smile and nod, but inside I'm not so confident.

"Great song?" I ask myself, "what does he mean by 'Great song'? Does he mean he thinks it's a great song? Or does he really think it's a stupid song, and he's just saying that because he thinks I think it's a great song? . . . So — he thinks I'm stupid! Oh my God — am I embarrassed! He probably said to his friends: 'I think I'll ask that stupid-looking girl to dance, that should be good for a laugh.'"

As these thoughts go through my mind, I find myself unable to look Mike in the eye. I notice he hasn't looked at me much either, taking into account the difference

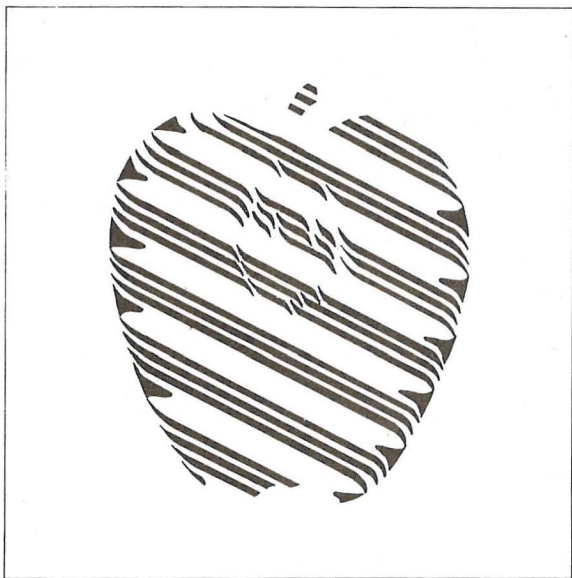
in height, I decide he must be counting dandruff flakes in my hair.

At this point in my internal soliloquy, Mike mentions that he likes my outfit, noting especially that my shoes are "classy". I thank him, adding another Ultrabrite smile, as my brain takes up this remark for dissection. Of course he noticed my "classy" shoes. These three-inch heel, red leather torture devices have cut off the circulation to my toes — no doubt the pain shows on my face. As for my outfit, I *knew* I shouldn't have worn this blouse — he probably thinks I stole it from a bag lady — so much for the punk look.

Mike now tells me that I'm a good dancer, I've got rhythm — really. I respond with a "thank you," a compliment to his dancing ability, and yet another toothdisplay. (I've been smiling so much my teeth have dried out. I'm afraid if I close my mouth my lips will stick, and I'll end up looking like Roddy McDowell in *Planet of the Apes*.) As if he can read my mind, he adds: "And you've got a beautiful smile."

"OH GOD," my mind screams, "I'VE GOT FOOD BETWEEN MY TEETH!"

As I leave the cacophany of steel guitars and self-doubt, I wonder why I even came. But, near the door, a new-wave Adonis gives me a friendly smile and nod. Then I know why I came and — I'll be back!



INSIDE THE SPIRAL APPLE

Robert W. Paul

OUT OF MY MAZE I SAW MY SHADOW

by Steve Gardner

I squeezed through a twist in my gate,
Through a thin gap in my plotted fates,
Passed a wood dwelling built on simple
principles, found an affable shore,
Drove a rowboat to the pond's middle,
Measured its depth by yards — not inches;
Nor did I think of the time of day
by the darkness of my blue shadow
where it fell, rolled on a drone of waves.

I stood up and found little balance
In the expected; Apathy yet
Still squirming on the opposite shore,
Expanding toward a maximum;
Trees left unbowed seemed lazy or still,
I spat at them for their lack of will.

Rowing back in disgust, I envied
a different man of long ago;
Nature knew him, as did solitude,
As did those who really wanted to.
I kicked the boat out among the waves,
Walked back to old fates and attitudes,
said so long to simple principles,
the pond was too shallow for my string,
Found my twist in the gate and submerged.

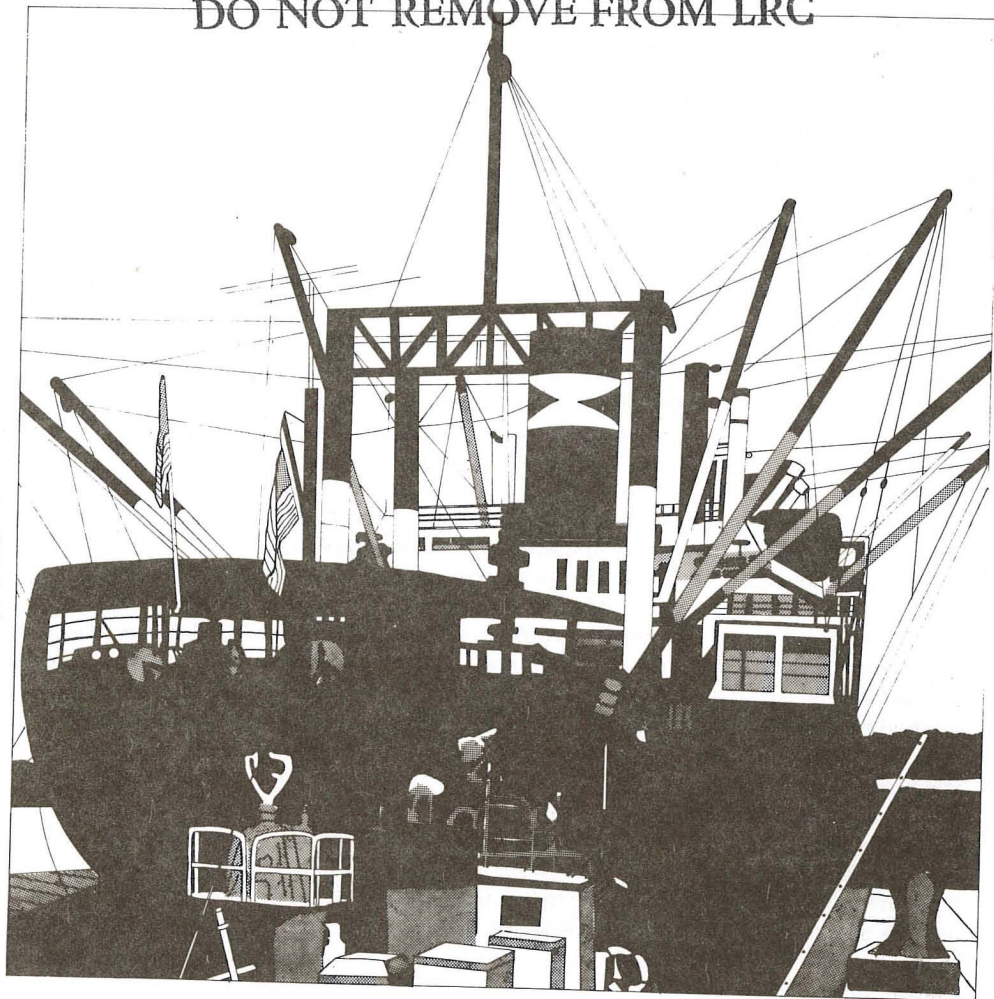
BLAST FROM THE PAST

by Keith D. Wenning

Nearly every morning, as my alarm clock blasts its message telling me to wake up, I am reminded of a very bizarre chain of events that happened to me one morning about a year ago. The memory of this particular morning always makes me chuckle.

I was completely absorbed in the trouble-free world of sleep when an uninvited guest decided to blurt out a wake-up call to me. This was no problem; I would simply reach over to this noisebox, switch it off, and go back to the world of uninterrupted sleep. My lazy hand flopped clumsily toward the ugly sound that dared to disturb me. My hand finally found the box's alarm switch and proceeded to push it to the off position. Something was wrong, the noise had not stopped. I gathered enough energy to lift my head and arms in the direction of the noise. I checked the switch again; it was off. My hand clumsily smacked the box a few times in the hopes that the box was disciplined like a well-trained pet. It refused to obey. I was bewildered by this unusual display of disobedience. The next possible solution came to mind; I would take away its source of energy. It was a challenge, but I finally made my way out of bed and to the electrical socket. With a lashing effort, I tore the box's umbilical cord from the wall. There was no change; the noise continued to blast at my ears. This was a totally absurd situation; how could the box still be living without its life-giving source? Incredible frustration finally pushed me into an uncontrollable binge. I recklessly grabbed for the box's life cord and began to swing the box above my head. With tremendous force, I swung the box toward the wall. The box shot flying particles of mechanical parts and plastic in all directions as it hit the wall. I thought the noise would stop immediately after this total display of destruction, but it didn't. My mind was spinning with bewilderment, "What the hell was going on?!" My feet became giant wrecking balls bringing a decaying structure to the ground as I stomped unendingly on the already destroyed box. The noise still did not stop. By this time there were screaming noises in the distance commanding me to "Shut that damn thing off!" With incredible force my body jerked up from the bed and my mind went blank. Sweat trickled down my forehead as I stared at the totally intact noise box residing on my dresser. I quickly reached over and switched off the alarm. It actually did turn off this time. When I later realized that the whole sequence of alarm clock destructive events was dreamed, I laughed hysterically. It seemed so totally real; it was a strange experience.

St. Clair County Community College
Learning Resources Center
DO NOT REMOVE FROM LRC



SHIPS IN PORT
Cindy Lester

WISP OF ROSES

by Keay Brosseit

Not feeling well, Agatha Ward got up before the rest of the family. She sat in her favorite chair and cradled her arms around her breast. The straight, carved-back chair was one of six, but its heavily worn seat distinguished it from the rest. It had been her husband's.

The smell of freshly plowed fields hung in the air, a reminder of her son's hard labor. Agatha longed to walk through the fields. She wanted to hold a newly turned clump of sod in her hands and to breathe the earthy odor fresh from its source.

She loved the springtime and all of its offerings. Her thoughts drifted to the stand of trees in the back-forty; excitement aroused color to Agatha's pale cheeks. The pink trillium would be in blossom; Jack Sr. had always come home with his arms filled with the wild trillium after the last field had been plowed. It had been thirty-three years, yet the memory still brought longing.

Agatha thought about the years that had passed since she had relinquished her household authority to Jenny, Jack Jr.'s wife.

Three granddaughters, each in their turn — like their father before them — had brought shy offerings of wild flowers to their mother. Jenny had hesitantly allowed each small handful a twenty-four hour reprieve. Jack's armful of trillium, brought to Jenny after the final plowing, had been rejected — there might have been bugs. Tears clouded Agatha's soft blue eyes.

A chill invaded her body. Sudden pain and pressure came like sharp plow blades across a virgin field. Biting-steel gouged and scraped away voice and muscle control. A massive, cerebral hemorrhage ravaged Agatha's massive body. Her pain drenched eyes closed tightly over pinwheels of darkness and light.

A siren's wail eventually joined the converging spiral. Unrecognizable shadows lifted and tugged, pulled and prodded. Silently a voice screamed. Complete darkness entered upon a wave of administered oxygen while a stranger battered Agatha's life and stole her reality.

A roaring and rumbling brought high waves to the sandy beach. Soft white lights and hazes of pink and green swatches slowly joined the welcome concerto of darkness and danced at the edge of the midnight-blue horizon.

The soft flowers of dreams entered, one-by-one, until they had all gathered beside Agatha's bedside. Pink blossoms nodded to the off-beat music that tickled one of her small, colorless ears while it screamed into the other. White daisies, dressed in a pungent odor, brushed her skin with damp petals.

Rustling in on the wind of an opened door, a dried cornstalk whispered expectantly about a red rose. Agatha sensed a deep recognition of the thin leaves and pale brown tassel. The fragile perfume of wild flowers that wreathed her bed was like the gentle touch of a small boy's hand.

Whispers of home danced in broken-step to a waltz and swam against the waves. Darkness washed against the shore. Daisies prayed for sunshine.

Growing bolder by the day, whispers and shadows blended their sameness into weeks. The shriveled cornstalk walked nightly through the darkness and haze, tightly clutching a single rose.

A feeling of elevation rested against the width of Agatha's back, and the soft pillowing of beach sand kept her head from swimming. A metal object that

smelled of putrid, ground silage was placed between her wrinkled, sagging lips. A soft, soothing voice made enticing music that warmed the moisture that had gathered inside Agatha's mouth. "Come on, Mrs. Ward, you must eat. Don't you want to get better? Wouldn't you like to go home?"

The putrid silage became a crimson blossom whose essence brought remembrance. An open window invited warm air and sunshine to introduce a half-smile to the worn-out face.

The pureed mixture felt strange in Agatha's throat.

"You're making progress, Mrs. Ward," the nurse crooned. "Be a good girl and have another bite."

With the second bite, a tickling erupted in Agatha's throat, and a surge of air spat progress down the front of the nurse's uniform. Although the same soft, soothing voice spoon-fed her a mixture of silage and crimson blossoms everyday, Agatha's progression swam weakly in the wake of time.

The nearly silent, smooth swishing of a mop in the corridor aroused Agatha from her mid-morning nap. Her once heavy buttocks ached from inactivity. Her bladder had been teased by the wet, swishing noise. Her left hand touched the white strip of cloth that belted her useless body into the lifeless arms of a wheelchair — the union of haste, a marriage of necessity. Agatha wanted to buzz for a nurse, but she couldn't move her arm far enough to reach the button. An acrid odor of ammonia joined the light fragrance of warm scrub-water.

A trail of yesterday's perfume and stale cigarette smoke followed two nurses past Agatha's doorway, and a number of nurse's aides like a mass of wingless moths fought their way through the mid-morning maze of urine, feces, and spattered uniforms.

Agatha welcomed the warm, dry gown and clean housecoat, but the effort exhausted her. A volunteer had offered to fix Agatha's hair, but the nurse's aide had brushed her aside with one swift, angry scowl. Agatha's gray-white hair had been contained within a silver net for twenty years, but she could remember how the soft curls had once framed her plain face and created an illusion of loveliness. "Maybe next time," she thought hopefully.

Feeling the exhaustion of passive activity, Agatha resumed her disrupted nap. Shadowed memories, packaged in giant boxes, drifted — then caught in a wave.

Her gray-white hair — blond curls. Lined hands — smooth. Her fat, cumbersome body — a gentleness of curves.

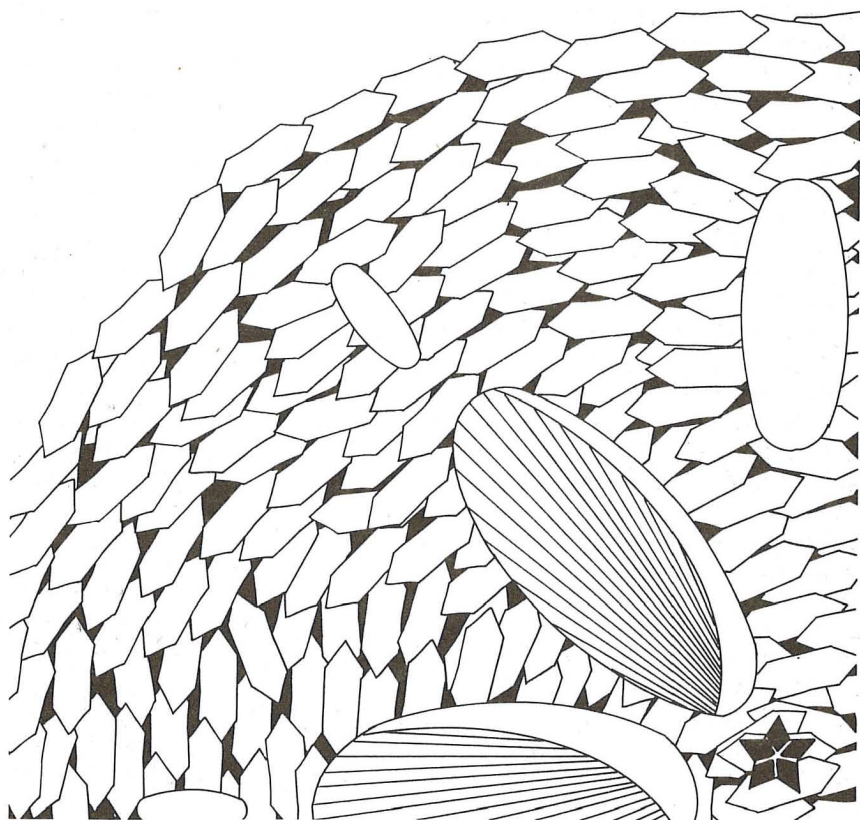
Three little Cub Scouts — so alike — blushed complexions and light brown hair — each clinging to her circular, red-flowered skirt. Each clammering for a soft, warm mommy-kiss. A ruggedly handsome farmer with slightly graying hair waiting patiently for his turn.

Suddenly, clouds of gray dust pushed the farmer out of line. The clouds followed the old black Chevrolet that hurried off to a Scout meeting that would be missed for all time.

One small, thin hand tightly clutched the circular skirt that dripped rose petals into the depths of three black holes.

Swirling within the spirals of red petals, giant boxes of reality floated into the shadows of the past.

A cute, young nurse's aide nudged Agatha gently. "Come on, Sweetie," she sang in her most seductive voice. "Get up! Today's Sunday you know. Your son will be coming early. Can't sleep all day."



SAND DOLLAR
James Pettingill

The clouds of sleep parted and Agatha moaned ungratefully at the sounds of the pink and white-stripped carousel of energy.

"Didn't you hear me?" asked the aide as she quickly fingered through the dozen loud, colorful housedresses that had hung unworn in the closet for months. "Wouldn't you like to get dressed today? This one is pretty, reminds me of my grandma." Her eyes searched Agatha's wrinkled face for an answer.

Billowing like a large, orange poppy dancing in the summer sun, the size x-large housedress blocked the darkness that had crept around the periphery of Agatha's colorless room.

Agatha moved her head in a motion meant only to clear the mind and to stretch a kink from her neck. She had not considered the possibility of getting dressed.

"Good for you, Sweetie. That's progress. You'll be going home in no time at all now. I'll tell the nurse to make a note of it on your chart. Your son will be so happy. You're really progressing well." The cheerful voice became a buzzing, humming melody that swirled around the carousel.

Now that the decision had been made for her, Agatha did feel a little better. "Maybe I am making progress," she thought. Then she wondered how much progress she would have to make before they would let her go home.

Agatha's hand made a flexing motion; her eyes questioned the aide.

The aide smiled a ray of sunshine. "Not today," she said, "therapy's closed on Sundays." The buzzing and humming continued until the aide stepped back to admire her handiwork. "Not bad, Sweetie. You'll be the pick of the bunch. Want some lipstick?" Not waiting for an answer, she made a quick shuffle of Agatha's drawer. "No lipstick? I'll get you some. Just a minute," was the promise, given with another flashing smile, as the aide swished out the door.

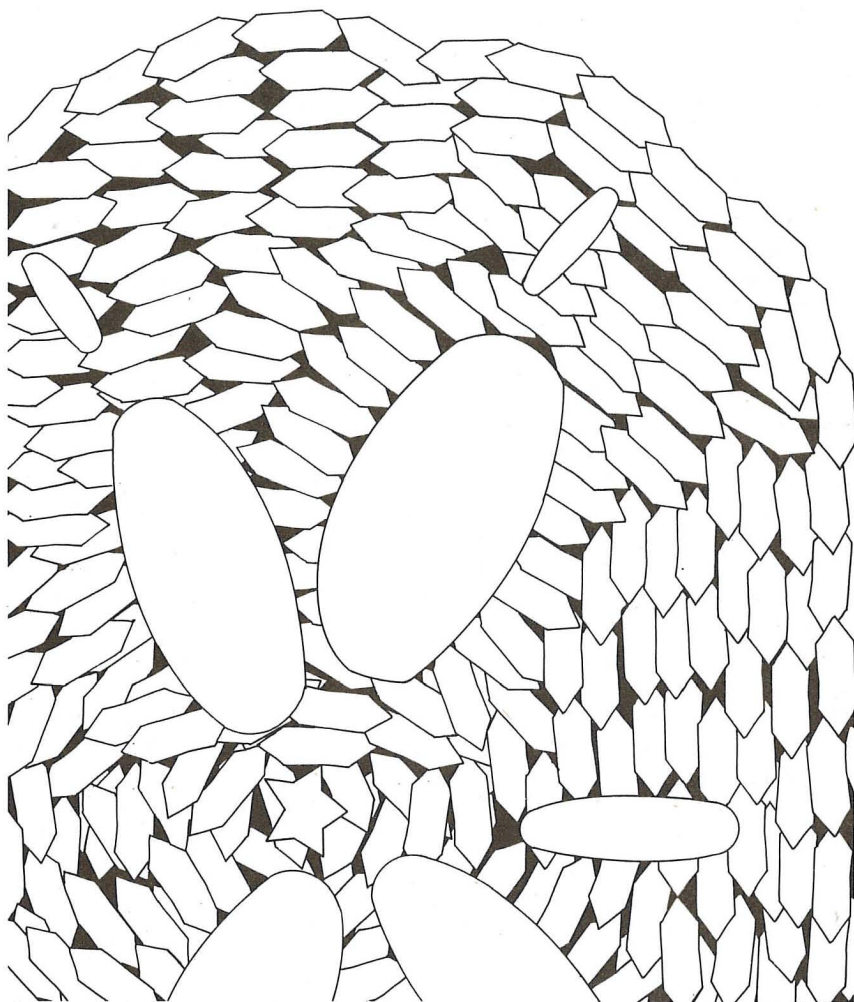
The bright orange splash of color on Agatha's mouth and cheeks was like a sour promise that would have been best left unstated.

Jack's muscleless, thin arms pushed his mother's wheelchair down the long corridor toward the recreation room. His pale brown, thinning hair had been loosely feathered by a breeze in the parking lot. Without the energy to comb it again, he smoothed it back with his dry, cracked hands. The knees of his brown work pants sagged from wear, and there was a smear of grease on the front of his brown flannel shirt. His weary footsteps stopped unexpectedly half-way down the corridor. When Agatha turned her head in question, Jack was staring at one of the colorful posters that advertised the facility's charm.

Agatha was sure that Jack had seen the poster before — there were others like it in every corridor. The repetition of patients' busy hands and smiling faces greeting the well dressed visitors had been combined with the repetition of busy, smiling nurses in sterile uniforms. The slogan, "Home Away From Home," was embossed in heavy black letters against a blaze of crimson that meshed with the muted colors that framed the poster.

Jack never talked about home, just the weather and his job. Agatha expected him to mention the fall crops and his father's ornery, old John Deere tractor, but he never did. His wife and girls were home — busy, Agatha expected. Jack never talked about them either.

Jack backed away from the poster; his tired hands fumbled for the back of the wheelchair. His eyes blinked in rapid succession. He forced unnatural, cheerful



SAND DOLLAR
James Pettingill

words. He talked about the bright orange poppy, "You've lost weight. Looks good on you, Mom." His mouth forced a smile, but the deeply-etched lines that surrounded his pale blue eyes were as still as a shadow in an open grave.

The essence of bright orange poppies hung heavily over the bustling activities that filled the recreation room. Handsome dark suits, bowing dutifully to their white-haired lovelies, sang baritone comedies; high heeled noises clacked tap dances between wheelchairs and scuffed men's slippers. Forced laughter sang a rich tune of happiness. With white knuckles fiercely gripping his mother's new dance partner, Jack stood with his back to the wall.

Jack thought about Jenny. She had visited the facility once. Her high heels had dutifully tapped a light staccato through the corridors. She had smiled a brilliant smile at all of the brilliantly smiling nurses. Then perfectly content in the knowledge that she had fulfilled her duty, she never returned.

Agatha stole secret glances at her adored escort. He had lost weight. He didn't look well. He looked worried. He looked old and worn to the stalk. A light cover of dew chilled her arms. She felt a familiar icy-pressure that resembled fear gathering across her chest.

Jack was thinking about the Farm Auction and their new home in town. A continued battle raged within him. "I should have told Mom before everything was sold," he fretted. "No! Jenny wouldn't have it."

"What good is all that junk?" she had asked several times. "She'll never use it again. She won't even know if you don't tell her!"

His eyes winced in pain; he hated himself for not keeping his mother's oak bedroom set. The bleached stain had whispered a faded announcement of birth as Jack placed the old, worn mattress upon the bed that was already in line for sale. He had wanted to keep it — just in case Jenny changed her mind. But . . . he knew Jenny better than he had known his father's old tractor. Fresh waves of guilt prevented Jack from unburdening his soul.

A hawk-like woman, who recognized Jack, swooped across the room and startled him out of his dark thoughts. "Jack!" she screeched. "How good to see you." The hawk's keen eyes preyed across Agatha's being. The woman had been a neighbor for thirty years. Her husband had been ghoulishly delighted with his acquisition of the ancient John Deere tractor; he had wanted it for years. The bitch's eyes gloated; her mouth spit out the words that allowed Jack to hate her. "Haven't seen you since the sale. Can't get Jim off the tractor."

Her talons had clawed a deep wound that shone plainly upon Jack's horrified face. He tried to speak, but the painful expression on his mother's face froze the words in his mouth.

The deliberate, careless words drummed a strange, unmeasured song deep within Agatha's soul. The irregular thumping grated down her neck and caused the nerves between her once-massive shoulders to tighten. The narrow crease between her colorless eyebrows deepened, and her watery, blue eyes closed against a familiar pain. The volume of the repeated chorus spiraled against the darkness and light. A concerto of darkness wisped a silent scream through a crack in the floor, and Jack's rose dripped petals into the black hole.

RELUCTANT RELEASING

by Clara Bruno

My son's first day of kindergarten was more upsetting for me than it was for him. It occurred 18 years ago, but I still recall it vividly. As I walked him to school on that bright crisp autumn morning, I tenderly looked at him and realized that he wasn't my little boy any longer. The school would have the pleasure of his company, and I would see less of him during waking hours. Now there would be other authorities from whom he would receive guidance. He would no longer seek me out for his every need. As we approached the doors at the school, my protective instinct was bursting from my very soul. I knew I could go no further because he must cross the threshold on his own. He turned and waved an anxious farewell. His piercing blue eyes filled with a mixture of happiness and apprehension. My heart quivered; my eyes were blurred with moisture, and that old familiar lump appeared in my throat. I quickly regained my composure and bravely returned his goodbye. That day, as difficult as it was, taught me that love is letting go.

RITUALS

by eric e. malooley

John Herbert stepped on the gas and passed a semi which was crawling along the right lane. He didn't care much for driving and was anxious to get to the Mackinac Bridge and Upper Peninsula. It had been over a year since he had hunted the area around his cabin in the Porcupine foothills. His wife had declined to go with him, saying she had plenty to do before the approaching holidays. Besides, he needed to be with himself a while. She understood this need. She had always understood that at somewhat regular intervals, he needed to disengage. It was one of the reasons they had stayed together that long.

They had raised four children who were on their own now and seldom saw each other. At 55 years, John was a supervisory staff member at an automobile plant in Detroit. If he had ever enjoyed the position, he had forgotten why. The weather had gotten steadily worse since John had set out and now he listened to the traveler's advisory on the radio. It called for 3 to 6 inches with blowing and drifting. His four-wheel-drive pick-up was handling the road well, although going was slow. The trip took him about 12 hours, driving straight through to White Pine.

When he finally arrived at the cabin, he made sure things were in order, built a fire, and fell asleep. A sensation of air moving up his nose was what awakened John Herbert the next morning. It was cold. The fire had gone hours before and frost had formed on his mustache. He climbed out of the cocoon bag and into his clothes. Breakfast was a ritual and the largest meal of the day.

Nearly a mile-long driveway lay between the road and the Herbert's cabin. Jackpines hid the structure from view until you were almost upon it. John and his brother had built the cabin ten years before on property owned by their family. At one time or another, it had been a retreat for both of them.

It was good to be back he thought. No clocks stared from the walls and only one small face mirror hung from the back of the door. After splitting some logs, John assembled his hunting gear: a .16 gauge shot gun and compound bow. He secured the cabin, loaded his gun, and entered the woods through a footrail, looking for signs of rabbit. In a couple of hours he returned with a large one, a clean shot through the head. He skinned it, dressed it out, and set the meat in a pot of salted water. After cleaning up he sat down at the kitchen table, poured some scotch and began to write his brother in Denver.

Joseph — It's damn good to be up here again. Away Dec. 9
from the bullshit. The feelings I have to swallow. The
games. I loathe many of the people I interact with
day-to-day. What worries me most is their influence
on me over the years. Even the people I call my
friends seem to have their own little part in killing
me.

When I got here I saw the dust that had settled on Dec. 12
the chairs and table. It made me think about all that
has happened since I'd last been in this room. I
haven't been expecting anything of myself since I
left the city. I just do what needs to be done.

I've taken some small game and caught a few blue-gill and a pike from the lake. It would be great if you could join me for a week before the holidays. I feel as if I could remain here. But there's Julie, and the house, and my job, and so many other things.

Dec. 14

your brother,
John

Another week passed before John seriously started thinking about heading back. The holidays would be beginning, gatherings of family and friends, eating and drinking. He would leave in two days. One of the things he'd hoped to do by coming up North was to bring back some venison. He had seen a few deer while hunting small game but hadn't gone out with his bow yet. John figured that in two days he should be able to kill a deer and prepare it for the trip home.

The early morning temperature was -10 degrees, without considering the wind, when John set out. The snow was deep so he wore his cross country skis. His bow and four-edged hunting arrows were slung across his back and enough food was in his small rucksack to carry him easily through the day. He had gone all morning, seeing only a doe with fawn, before stopping in a clearing to eat lunch. After starting a small fire, John warmed himself and quickly ate half of the jerky, carrot and celery sticks he'd brought. Then he set a course for the large walnut tree that he had hunted from many times. It began to snow, lightly at first but with increasing density, as the woods took on a less than real quality.

Upon reaching the tree, John felt a sense of loss, as if he were seeing it for the last time. This tree and sheltered clearing had always seemed a type of sanctuary to him. Repressed memories and feelings flooded his awareness and ran down his face as tears. He often thought of this spot when the world would press a little too hard against him. It was too cold and windy for hunting from the tree and the remaining leaves that clung through the winter wouldn't have provided much cover. So John decided to set up a blind on the south edge of the clearing, downwind from any animal entering the open area. It was a technique he had proven many times.

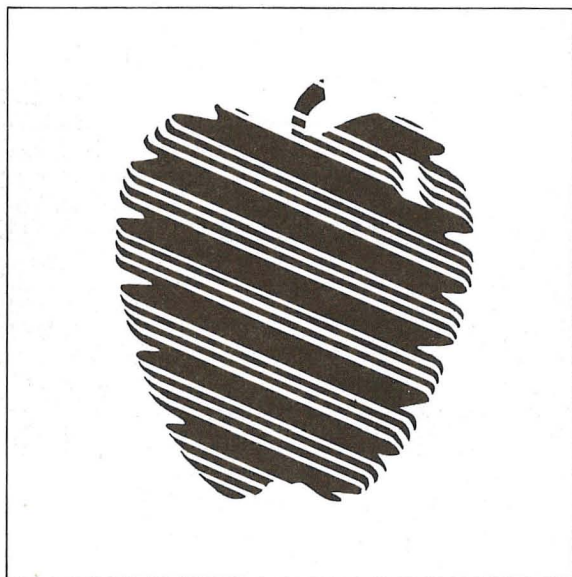
The wind was broken very effectively by the blind, and in his goosedown outfit John was warm enough to do some waiting. Through the years he had taken 12 bucks with bow and arrow from this location. His father had taught him many things about this type of hunting. The one rule that was impressed upon him most was that if you only wounded an animal, you tracked it until it was found.

Nothing but a few rabbits and squirrels made their way into the clearing until late afternoon. The sun was just disappearing behind the mountains when John heard a rustling sound toward the northwest edge of the opening. A large buck stepped out from the thicket, raised his nose, and snorted the air. John lifted his bow, pulled back, and let go of the arrow. The buck bounded before the arrow struck him in the rear flank. He crashed back into the brush. There was only one thing to be done.

Untying the snowshoes from his rucksack frame, John prepared to track the animal. The amount of blood on the snow was minimal. Dusk was settling in and the wind picked up. John placed his loaded pistol in the sack along with some jerky and a bottle of scotch. Following the blood spotted trail was not difficult except for the falling darkness. It seemed to him that the buck was headed in the direction of an expansive cedar swamp, which would make for difficult tracking.

It was getting colder. The sky had cleared and the wind was again becoming dangerous. John pulled the flask from his sack and took a drink. He began to think about how far he was from the cabin and how cold it was and what his chances really were for finding the wounded buck. He knew he must kill the animal.

Reaching the edge of the swamp, John sat down under a large cedar. His feet and hands were beginning to lose feeling and he knew he must keep moving. He could make it back to the cabin if he left at once. He looked over his shoulder at the constellation Orion, took a long swallow of scotch, and headed into the swamp.



OUTSIDE THE SPIRAL APPLE

Robert W. Paul



INNER DWELLINGS
Paula Elston

A COMPARISON OF TWO REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN SPEECHES

by Ann Master

In 1963 the words of Martin Luther King echoed across America. America, at that time, was a nation divided by a wall of prejudice. On the other side of the ocean, President John F. Kennedy spoke to the people of Berlin, a city also divided by a wall. This wall was a physical reality, but it was built upon the same foundations as its American counterpart. The cornerstone supporting each wall was the suppression of individual freedom. The words of these two men differed, but the message was one and the same. It delved deep into the hearts of mankind forcing each man to become aware of the injustice of his world, yet infusing him with confidence in his own ability to promote change.

Both of these speeches communicate their meaning through the expert use of certain literary techniques. The first of these techniques is repetition. In King's speech, the phrase, "I have a dream," is repeated, while Kennedy reiterates the words, "Let them come to Berlin." Following each repetition is an important idea that the speaker wishes to emphasize by the use of this attention-getting device. The use of the metaphor is also common to both speeches. For example, King refers to the Emancipation Proclamation as "a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who have been seared in the flames of withering injustice." He says, "It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of captivity." Kennedy, in turn, tells the people of Berlin, "You live in a defended island of freedom, but your life is part of the main." Through the use of repetition and metaphorical language, both King and Kennedy bring their listeners to a more complete understanding of their relative messages.

The idealism that is prevalent throughout both speeches is one of the most powerful strengths that each possesses. The resounding message is one of freedom and equality achieved through peaceful methods. One hundred years after the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, Martin Luther King lamented, "the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land." He warned, "The whirlwind of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges." However, King also cautioned his people with these words, "Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred." In the words of John F. Kennedy, "Freedom has many difficulties and democracy is not perfect, but we have never had to put up a wall to keep our people in, to prevent them from leaving us. Freedom is indivisible, and when one man is enslaved, all are not free." These simple truths, so eloquently spoken by both men, constituted the force behind the impact of their speeches.

Both of these speeches had a powerful and lasting effect upon their audiences. Martin Luther King had a dream. He had the courage to make that dream public. Because of this, "legal" segregation of blacks and the "separate but equal doctrine," referring also to blacks, were at last put to rest; however, this was not achieved without a struggle. These achievements were just two of the battles ending in victory. The war continues. The Berlin wall, which is still in existence, lends truth to this statement. John F. Kennedy will forever be a symbol of hope to the people of Berlin. Whenever they hear his name, they will be able to recall his words and have faith in the belief that one day their city will be united again.

Because of the powerful message embodied in the speeches of Martin Luther King and John F. Kennedy, their words have had tremendous impact upon the lives of their audiences.

In Martin Luther King's speech "I Have A Dream" and John F. Kennedy's speech at the Berlin wall, both speakers were able to communicate their equally inspirational messages through the use of deliberate repetition and metaphorical language. These linguistic tools enhanced the ideals brought forth by these men. The ideals, in turn, had a profound effect upon the people who heard these speeches. The words of Martin Luther King and John F. Kennedy differed, but the principles contained in their speeches were in complete agreement. Both men had faith in the individual ability of each human being to know good from evil and to act appropriately upon that knowledge.

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ARROW (Typographical)
Christopher Zyrowski

JUST LIKE HER MAMA

by Shelly Andrews

She sure changed,
be fussing with her hair
hanging her pasty face in the mirror
at Sunday school, teasing boys
with those shiny red lips (for shame)
where's her manners at anyway?
(my oh my) girl sure done changed

she just like her mama

Look how she grown
what? she be fifteen now?
prancing 'round like some high spirit horse
with a belly full of oats
wagging her BEhind,
reckon her time has come too soon,
girl up and grown

just like her mama

You believe the say?
it don't surprise me none
just where'd she learn to smart-aleck so?
that girl ought to be knocked-up
side her fool head, you know
put some sense where she gone so wild,
she going to need a daddy for her baby now

...just like her mama did.



HATS OFF
Paula Elston

MYSTERIOUS IMAGES MURMURING IN THE DARK

by Ben Fraelich

"Aura" by Carlos Fuentes is a thought-provoking mental experience demonstrating the undefinable bridge connecting reality with the supernatural. He immediately captures the reader's interest in the opening paragraphs with his advertising device and unorthodox "you" point of view: "You're reading the advertisement: an offer like this isn't made every day. You read it and reread it. It seems to be addressed to you and nobody else." Of course, the reader has no alternative but to become involved in the story by identifying with the major character, Felipe Montero. This, in turn, makes the story more convincing and acceptable. Finally, this device gives Fuentes the aid he needs to easily convey an uneasy, mysterious, dreary atmosphere of increasing intensity that effectively stimulates the senses.

Through his descriptive setting, Fuentes initially evokes his atmosphere of dilapidation and dreariness. Felipe describes an old colonial mansion closed in by the desolate neighborhood of the old city. An image is effectively created as Felipe looks:

on the baroque harmony of the carved stones; on the battered stone saints with pigeons clustering on their shoulders; on the latticed balconies, the copper gutters, the sandstone gargoyles; on the greenish curtains that darken the long windows; on that window from which someone draws back when you look at it.

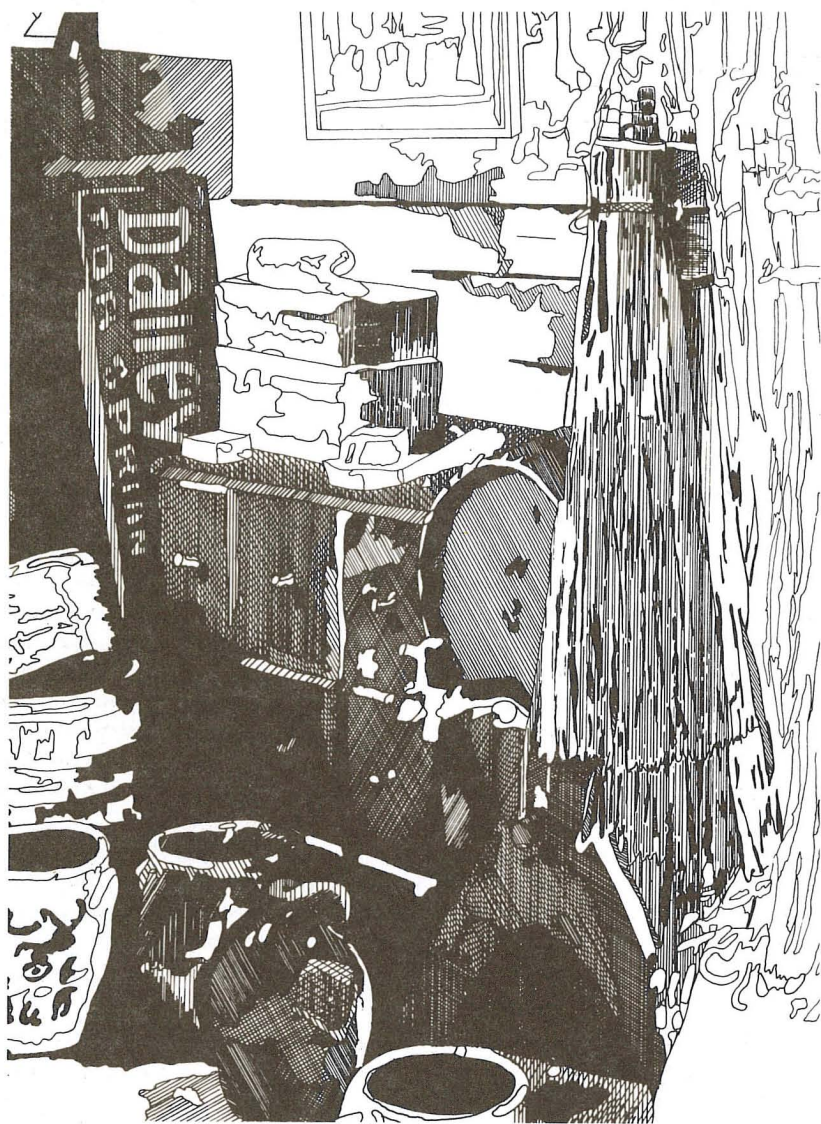
The narrator also describes the smooth and worn door knocker as "the head of a canine foetus in a museum of natural science." As Felipe walks into the alleyway he describes "the thick drowsy aroma . . . the dank smell of the plants . . . the creaking wood, spongy from the dampness." This creates a sensory picture of mold and rotting wood.

Next, the characterization is even more crucial in producing a mysterious effect. Felipe Montero is a young historian hired by Senora Consuelo to complete General Llorente's (her husband) memoirs. The reader realizes that there is an evil side to Felipe and that the narrator, telling the story through the eyes of Felipe, is not completely reliable. Felipe smokes cigarettes, subconsciously thinks of his salary, and ultimately takes the job on the basis of his attraction for the Senora's niece. He perceives images that no one else can and with a very exaggerated imagination.

The rats are swarming around it [Senora Consuelo's trunk], peering at you with their glittering eyes from the cracks in the rotted floorboards, galloping toward the holes in the rotted walls.

He also described the cats outside his window "all twined together, all writhing in flames and giving off a dense smoke that reeks of burnt fur."

Senora Consuelo is a thin, emaciated, 109 year old widow who apparently practices witchcraft. Her room is decorated with organs preserved in bottles, icons of "Christ, the Virgin, . . . and the grinning demons in an old print, the only happy figures in that iconography of sorrow and wrath." *Aura* is the Senora's 15 year old niece who seems to be nothing more than an "illusion of youth and beauty . . ." Even the definition of the word, *aura*, convinces the reader that she only exists in the mysterious world of the supernatural. *Saga* is the Senora's pet



YESTERYEAR
Roberta (Bobbie) Pearl

rabbit that adds to the mysterious atmosphere. It seems that Saga and Aura are really the same being transformed by the Senora at her own will. Saga represents the "natural and free" while Aura represents the controlled victim "so enslaved that she imitated every gesture of the Senora, as if she were permitted to do only what the Senora did." Finally, the other servant, who is only mentioned in conversation, makes the story even more elusive. When the servant mysteriously brings Felipe's personal belongings to the old house, he sees to it that Felipe has no reason to leave. It is as if some force is trying to keep Felipe in the house.

There are also several repetitive incidents giving the story a mysterious atmosphere. All the doors in the house seem to open "at the first light push of your fingers." These kind of doors were needed so that Felipe could easily walk in on the Senora practicing witchcraft and Aura (in a trance-like state) beheading a kid. The reader gets the sneaky feeling that someone is always peering through the easily accessible doors. Also, the characters seem only to speak in murmurs and whispers adding to the solemn, dreary quality of an impending revelation. Last of all, there are a few times when Aura sets four plates, but the last person never shows up. The last plate was probably set to revive an interest in the dead General Llorente who seemed identical to Felipe.

Finally, the highly symbolic nature polishes the effect Fuentes was trying to create. There is a constant contrast between light and dark: "the compact circle of light around the candelabra, illuminating the table and one carved wall, and the large circle of darkness surrounding it." In the end, the reader understands that Felipe is perceiving events of years ago through the eyes of General Llorente. Thus, reincarnation is implied: "You cover General Llorente's beard with your finger, and imagine him with black hair, and you only discover yourself: blurred, lost, forgotten, but you, you, you." This revelation shows why Felipe knew so much about the history of Llorente's time period. Felipe perceives the old woman as the youthful, Aura — the way that he had known her sixty years ago. This conflict between the two images becomes explicitly apparent in Felipe's dreams and in the final lovemaking scene:

You bring your lips close to the head that's lying next to yours. You stroke Aura's long black hair . . . You stop kissing those fleshless lips, those toothless gums: the ray of moonlight shows you the naked body of the old lady, of Senora Consuelo . . .

This image of Aura superimposed by the old woman poses a symbol of the undefinable barrier between reality and the supernatural. Thus, the story does not rely heavily on incident but on descriptive images mounting in this intense climax. Ultimately, Fuentes creates this atmosphere of uneasy tension which mounts until the very end.

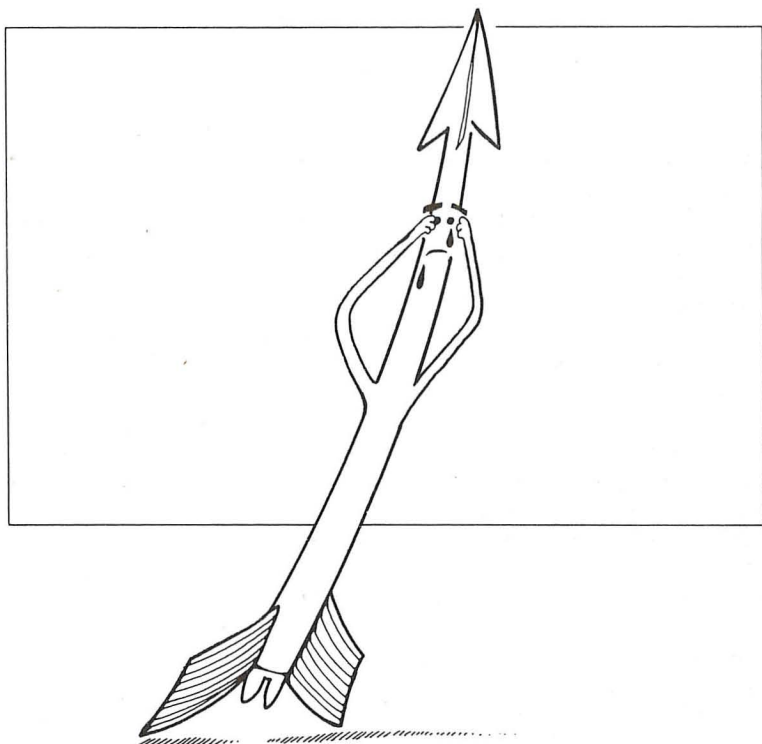
DRUID
by Ellen Zurakowski

See how trees
shake their fists at me in the thick dark
twitch their branches like beckoning hands
as I drive by

it could be the wind
but I think
some stronger will than wind commands them to possess me
they obey

can you tell that I am often more wood than flesh
dry voices rattle through my mind
they dare me to become one of them
to be whole in the green earth

already
I sometimes forget to eat thinking
as they do
that air is all



ARROW (Emotive)
Christopher Zyrowski

A RETURN TO HONOR

by Kenneth Stewart

A return to a more spiritual and meaningful past seems to be the underriding theme in Yukio Mishima's "Patriotism". The surface theme in this story deals with a young Japanese lieutenant and his young bride taking their own lives through the Japanese ritual of hari-kari. Through them Mishima is definitely attempting to make a statement about a changing Japanese society in the mid 1960's.

All societies change, although in most cases these changes occur subtly and gradually over extended periods of time. In most instances, changes in a society are viewed by its members as being progressive and beneficial. However in Japan, changes may have come about too rapidly for many people like Mishima to accept or even to condone. The tumultuous period in Japanese history beginning in the mid 1930's to the explosion of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945 followed by the United States' occupation after World War II caused upheaval and irreversible changes in Japanese society. Japanese independence, power and self-determination was replaced by defeat, humiliation and a forced reliance on imposing outside powers dictating avenues of post World War II recovery open to the Japanese government.

"Patriotism" is a plea by Mishima for Japan to return to the old way of life. His description of the love and loyalty shared between the lieutenant and his wife, along with their willingness to do what is expected of them, is a feeling all people, no matter what society they live in, can empathize with or at least understand. Mishima has, through words, painted a rare glimpse into the minds of two young people willing to sacrifice everything rather than live in this new and unwanted environment.

The couple's impending date with death is sealed in the first paragraph. Only the reasons for this event remain unanswered to the reader. The hero, Lieutenant Shinjii Takeyama, learns of a military uprising against the emperor led by his friends and fellow officers. Although Takeyama sympathizes with these officers, his sacred responsibilities demand that he remain loyal to the existing government and by remaining loyal must lead the army against his friends. This conflict dictates his decision to take his own life. His wife, Reiko, instructed by the lieutenant himself, knows what is expected of her by virtue of her being the wife of a Japanese officer. The decision is made; suicide by the lieutenant, witnessed by Reiko, followed by the taking of her own life is the path they mutually agree to take.

Prior to the double suicide ritual, Takeyama and Reiko experience a love-making experience they feel may never be duplicated or improved upon. They share a feeling of being one and realize that this feeling they share for one another is a summation of their feelings toward each other. This final act of love seems to justify and encourage them to accept their inevitable fate. There are no hesitations or unanswered doubts as they prepare to make the supreme sacrifice.

Symbolically and ritualistically Reiko and the lieutenant prepare for their deaths. Every detail as they prepare is described beautifully by Mishima. The lieutenant's bath, Reiko's laying out of the prescribed clothes and the mutual praying before the idol of their god are portrayed meticulously by Mishima. However, the neat and precise death preparations being made in the house are contrasted by the sounds of life emanating from outside. Traffic horns, radio

broadcasts and even the description of the cold February weather belied the atmosphere of death within the house Takeyama and Reiko shared.

Descriptiveness is an understatement of Mishima's detailing of the ritualistic deaths. Historically, hari-kari is portrayed as being neat, quick and efficient. None of these objectives apply to this story. Mishima's description is bloody, messy and very slow to reach its conclusion. The lieutenant's inability to strike a vital area instantly results in eventual disembowelment. Reiko, by having to assist Takeyama with the final death thrust into his neck, contradicts what we as western peoples picture as a successful performance of this ancient Japanese ritual. After having witnessed her husband's death, Reiko also was unable to take her own life with just a single thrust to her throat. Mishima describes her initial thrust as "being too shallow" and resulting in her having to "give the blade a strong pull sideways".

Strong parallels exist between Takeyama and Mishima. Both men were concerned about and obsessed with the superficiality and negative aspects of their once proud society. Honor and patriotism in their eyes had evolved into self-gain and materialism. Just as Lieutenant Shinjii Takeyama, Yukio Mishima was unwilling to accept these changes as being beneficial to their people. The only apparent path left was the final honorable act, hari-kari. Yukio Mishima, four years after writing "Patriotism", took his own life.

Mishima's "Patriotism" is a self description concerning his view about how life is, opposed to how life should be. The loyalty and love Reiko displayed toward her husband, the devotion to the emperor exhibited by Takeyama, contrasts what actually was taking place in Japan in the mid-1960's. No society moves backward; however, old and honorable ideas and attitudes should be applied to modern day advancements. Losing sight of one's own values was unacceptable to Mishima. Perhaps this best describes why he chose "Patriotism" as the title and the vehicle to bring focus on what he saw as Japan's major problem.



THE BALLET LESSON
Margaret Dawson

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI by Arthur DeLaurier

Last night as I sat brooding over the earth,
There came to me an image of an end:
I heard and saw, before the darkness fell,
A blue-green sphere and then a fire born,
A gust and then a hush, as if the wind
Had blown its last, its cheeks being tired and worn.
Then darkness fell, and with such sudden force,
As ever one could contrive to put over the earth.
I thought about the earth, the lives of men,
Ages never born, now gone forever.

Time changed; and I thought on the earth again:
I saw new mosses growing on old rocks,
Rocks so old, Time had lost count of their years.
And so began to count them ever so oft.
I saw new rugged steepes with ledges carved
By oceans, higher than the greatest peaks
Of Everest; and, looking higher still,
Far overhead, I saw a billion stars,
And thought the earth but as a speck of dust
On a sand castle. Time changed;
Then darkness fell, and with such sudden force,
As ever one could contrive to put over earth.

THE RAIN WATCHER

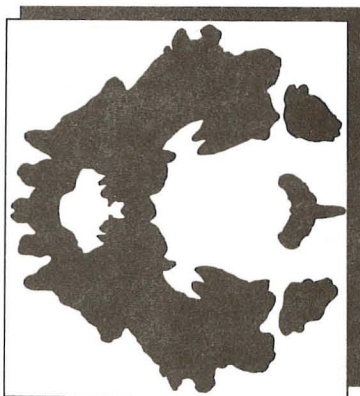
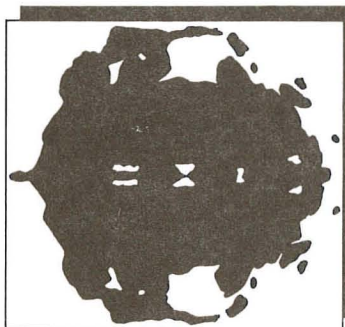
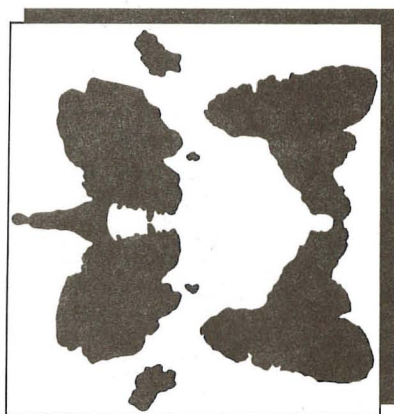
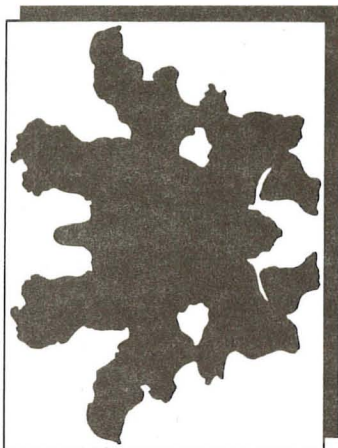
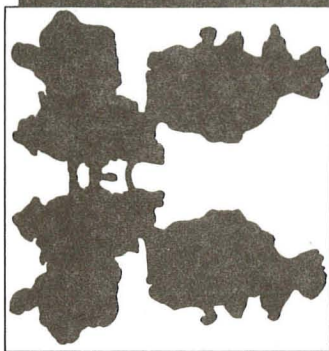
by Steve Gardner

Centered in a storm he walked slowly
Under shrouded sounds of rhythmic rain,
Watched a pale pattern of weighted clouds
Stroll through the gray towards tomorrow,
Drew over his eyes his aching hands,
Sore from clinging so long to despair.

Close to a corner he smelled lemons,
Remembered the dear prose by Thomas
That he could understand; believed;
Knew there was room in those dominions
Of the seas, hills, nights, symbols and dreams,
To share the inner world of moonlit grass.

Darkness lulled itself behind his ears,
Rain turned to fog and whispered the sound
To submit to weakness and sadness;
Although, time would kill before he learned
That just hope would with time destroy him,
If he listened to all of his doubts.

And it began to rain, hard, again,
From his eyes his hands were pushed away,
He saw time before him as poison,
Instead chose to drink from former rains,
With his aching hands cling to his dream,
Run home and become the rain watcher.



SCHIZOPHRENIA
Christopher Zyrowski

UNTITLED
by Elisabeth Knapp

I caught a glimpse of death.
Just a fleeting glance for
Death itself moves quick
It wasn't my first look
But it was the first time I knew its name.
Death is a cheater
Coming and going as it pleases
Leering at life, with an idiot's grin
Death is a coward
And a coward's refuge.
Feeding on the weak and lonely
Refusing to stay and meet
The consequences of its actions.
Yes, I've seen death
And someday I'll overcome it
And beat it at its own game.

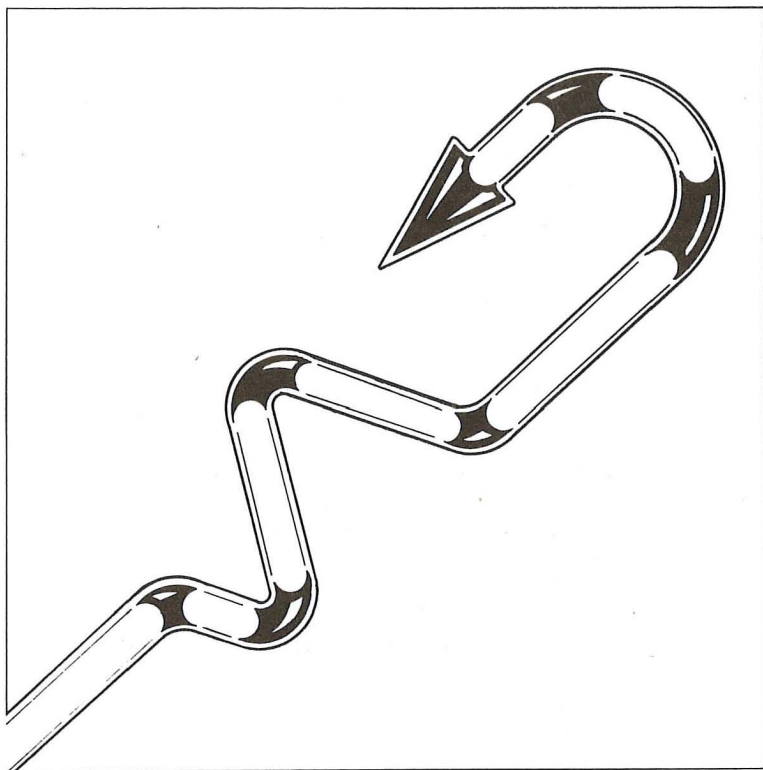


ARROW (Directional)
Christopher Zyrowski

SONNET WRITTEN UPON READING KEATS

by Arthur DeLaurier

Warm winds are blowing, and the prickling smell
Of verdant lawns and moss-grown wooden gates
Hangs with her humming form from head to tail
While through the awakening town she dilates.
The grasshopper puts forth his legged head;
And young bees buzz within their honied hive;
All that once was living is now dead;
And all once dead is now once more alive.
So you live, Keats — not as a silent form,
Nor shadow of magnificence of power —
But sensuous sweets of song with beauty warm,
More of the self-same song as is the flower,
The nightingale, the cricket, and the urn:
All living, even when the dull leaves turn.

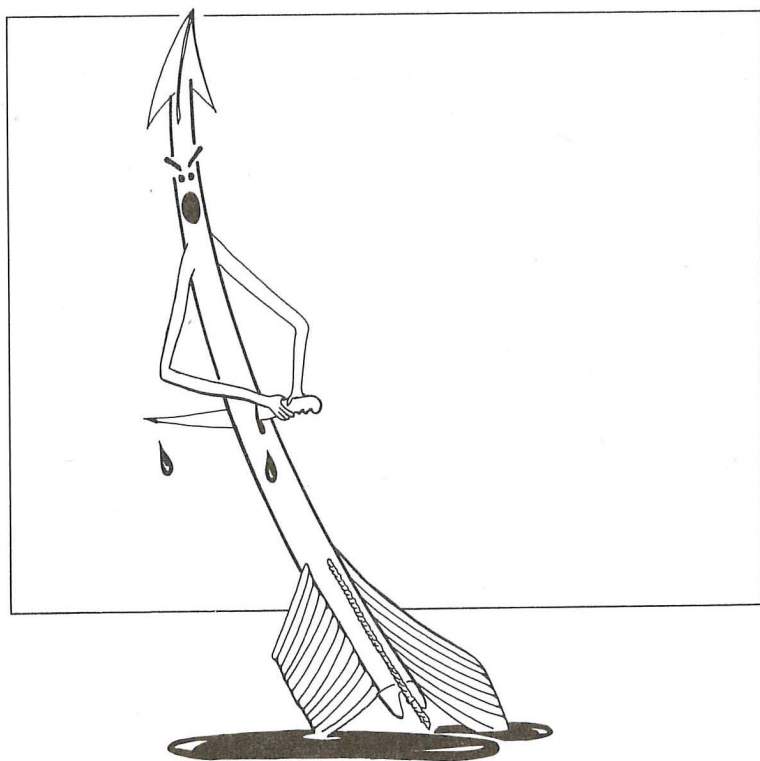


ARROW (Illustrative)
Christopher Zyrowski

(ANOTHER) FAULTS OF TELEVISION POEM by Steve Gardner

Starving at the foot of a convex screen,
Little Billy played in thirty-minute dungeons
As did billions of other boys and girls, with eyes
 Like mice — black and astray,
Engulfed in a future of regrets;
Enchanted by saturation and enterprising demise
 Of the will to invent their own, like, lives;

Unaware of how to walk at the foot of ignorance,
Glued to carpets like wads of milk duds,
Pin Kiddies grabbed at the tuners of Goat-like mommies
 Over near walls, plugged in.
Of course life blew by them, several times,
Shook its wrist watch while they ate up the funnies,
Unaware that they would someday have adult-like worries.

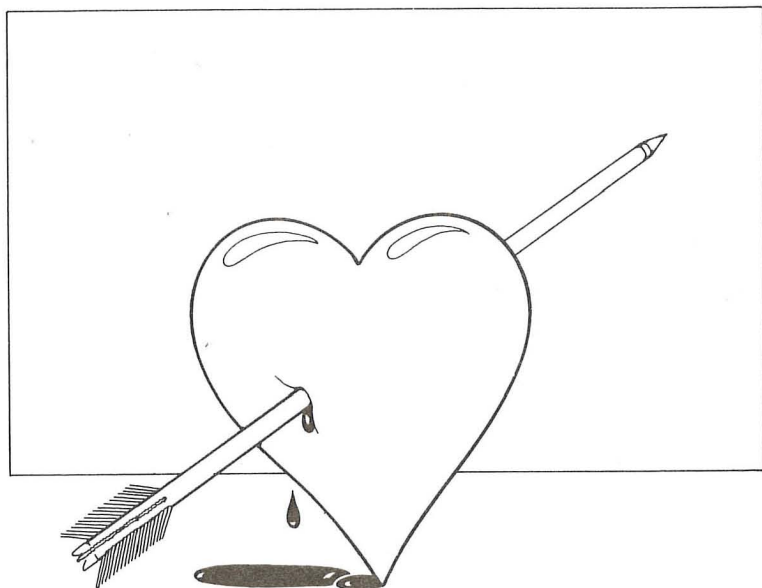


ARROW (Dramatic)
Christopher Zyrowski

EROSION

by Keay Brosseit

Meandering
mud,
Collects a few pebbles,
Then
swiftly
slides,
Down
the
mountain
side.
Gathering momentum,
It pushes the helpless,
Out of its path,
And spits dirt on the town.



ARROW (Symbolic)
Christopher Zyrowski

DREAM'S ILLUSIONS

by Lois Milton

Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller encompasses the tragedy of entrapment in society's "dreams." Goals and lifestyles conceived through the dreams can lead to self-deception, frustration and possibly destruction.

The setting of this play is most appropriate, placing the insignificant house among apartment buildings, not unlike Willy Loman lost in the business world and the sparse furnishings signifying the lack of monetary success. The silver athletic trophy on a shelf in the bedroom, the only accessory in the room, portrays the "big shot" image that eludes reality throughout the play. The interjection of conversation and laughing by The Woman with whom Willy has an affair most effectively recreates and sustains the resultant guilt. It is quite fitting that flute music is played throughout the play and is the only sound as the stage darkens, hauntingly suggesting a different life style. As the curtain falls, the towers of the apartment building sharply focus, as if the dream of society conquered.

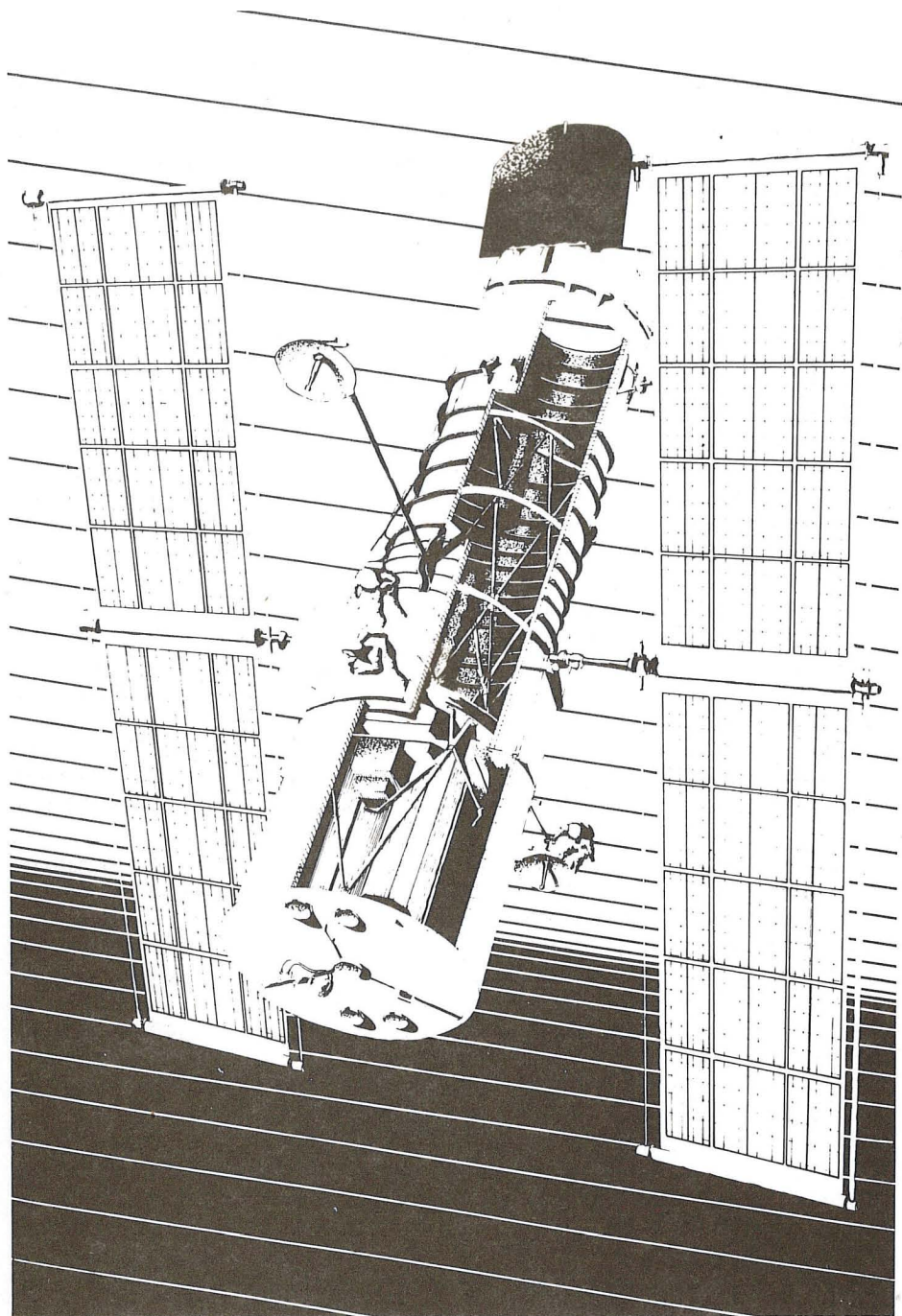
Willy Loman was caught in the illusion, living a dream he couldn't surrender. His acquired salesman philosophy was "Be liked and you will be successful," but this approach only results in his loneliness, unhappiness and eventual destruction.

As a young man he had contemplated following the rugged lifestyles of his father and his brother Ben. He was influenced, however, by an eighty-four year old salesman who was so successful that he only had to call the buyers and seal the deal without ever leaving his room because he was remembered and loved by so many people. The man died the "death of a salesman", a complete success in business, in his velvet slippers en route to Boston. Hundreds of buyers and salesmen attended his funeral and Willy was encaptured. A dream of success in business obsessed Willy, and he promised his sons that someday he would have his own business.

Over sixty years old now and not well educated, Willy Loman is just a common man in American society. His dream is rapidly disintegrating. Willy had purchased his home and loved "those two beautiful elm trees out there" as well as the garden he tended in the backyard. But progress has set in and the small house is surrounded by apartment houses on all sides and "there's not a breath of fresh air in the neighborhood", not even a carrot will grow.

Willy had loved to work with his hands and his success was evident in the ceiling he put up. He was a "happy man with a batch of cement" and people recognized his ability and contentment. His son, Biff, upon seeing his dad's deterioration states "there's more of him in the front stoop than in all the sales he ever made."

Willy's life has been a succession of disappointments — he thrived on a "salesman's smile", "being well-liked" and "impressive." But he is now exhausted after putting in hectic years on the road, and much of his life has become meaningless, not having attained the measured success. The pressures of life have caused him to confuse the past and the present intertwining them throughout the story, showing his guilt and growing uncertainty. He's fearful of not being capable of selling anymore and can hardly make enough to live on . . . the smile is fading and the friends numbered. He feels he is "in a race with a junkyard", not only with car repairs, a dilapidated refrigerator, insurance premiums and mortgage payments



STARS & STRIPES
Dan Derusha

but also with his own life — he has been trying to kill himself.

Willy believed that selling was the greatest career that a man could pursue and passed that ideal on to his sons. He judged people not for their face value, but by their degree of success. He speaks of Bernard as a “worm” throughout the story until the man reaches a pinnacle of success as a lawyer and warrants respect from Willy. He despises his only “friend” Charley, relating to his sons that Charley is “liked, but he’s not well-liked.” Quite predictable then that Biff should repeat the same quote in reference to Bernard.

Willy is also unsuccessful as a father as well as in business. He is entirely devoted to Biff and ignores his younger son, Happy. The relationship with Biff is destroyed when Willy betrays his wife with an affair which Biff accidentally witnesses. The lives of the two men are never the same: Willy is crushed by the loss of Biff’s love and Biff loses his appetite for success.

When Biff announced his plan to go into business if he can obtain financial backing, Willy assured himself that Biff was “well-liked” and looked so handsome in his suit that he was guaranteed success. Living again in his dream, Willy decided to purchase seeds for his garden even though nothing will grow anymore. Both Willy’s and Biff’s lives have been severed from driving personal forces to answering the outside influences of society.

Willy is forced to borrow money from Charley in increasing amounts when he can no longer pay his bills, promising to pay back the entire amount. He feels he is deceiving his wife, Linda, but she is well aware of his plight. Having only one more mortgage payment, Willy realizes that the house will be free and clear but there will be no one to live in it. Charley offers Willy a job, but he flatly refuses to give up his dream and claims to have a job, unaware of his fate. The money from Charley helped pay the premium on his life insurance policy which is being reviewed due to his other “accidents.” With a bit of optimism, Willy approached his employer, Howard, to request a job in town and was rudely received and fired after thirty-six years with the company.

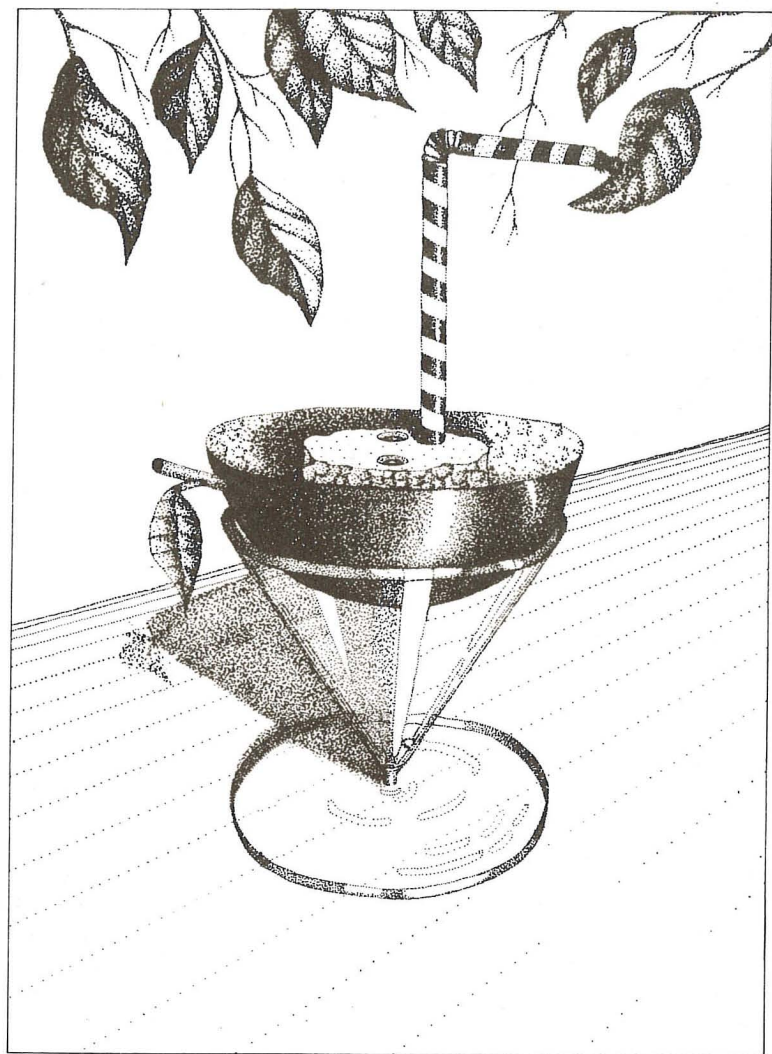
Willy’s instability from overwork, despair and guilt explodes into raging verbal exchanges with his family. After Willy drives Biff to the height of frustration, they reconcile and Willy learns that Biff still loves him — “He cried . . . cried to me.” Now Willy can secure happiness and success by committing suicide, leaving his \$20,000 life insurance policy and impressing Biff with the enormity of his funeral, “He’ll see what I am . . . I am known!” Ironically, Willy’s death is only attended by his family, Bernard and Charley, and the insurance policy payoff is questionable.

Willy lived his life self-deceived, “ringing up zeros”, never having insight into his destiny. He just rode on a “smile and a shoeshine!”

Happy, whose name is ironic, is removed from the focal spot in his father’s life, yet he acquired the surface status and salesman lingo that Willy preached; he fit perfectly into Willy’s mold. Happy was supportive and concerned about his father and acquired the ability to distort the truth, boasting of “happiness” attained through his car, apartment and all the women he desires, a false happiness. He longs for sincere contentment but can’t let go of the dream, wanting to show the “pompous, self-important executives” that he can be equal.

The waiter at the restaurant envies his “big shot” image stating “Geez, you got a life, Mr. Loman” as Happy entices a woman. The “big shot” image backfires on Willy when his sons abandon him at dinner and deny that he is even their father.

Biff calls Happy’s bluff, forcing him to admit the truth that he was not a success, only a “low man” on the totem pole, and work and reality seemed to be surfacing.



AN APPLE A DAY
Paula Elston

But at the funeral Happy is completely entrenched again in the “good dream” of his father stating he is going to “beat the racket” and his father wasn’t going to die in vain. Feeling Willy’s dream was the only one you can have, Happy was determined to “come out number-one man” unaware of the insignificance of his decision.

Biff had been the center of Willy’s life. Because he was a star athlete, his father doted upon him even to the point of condoning the theft of a basketball from school, knowing the coach wouldn’t mind because Biff was “well-liked.” He complimented Biff and Happy as “fearless characters” when they stole lumber for the stoop. Willy felt Biff had a bright future because he had “spirit and personality”, wasn’t a “worm” like Bernard and everyone admired him — surely this spelled success.

The turning point in Biff’s life was when he appeared at his father’s hotel room to inform him he was going to flunk math class and not graduate. He knew the instructor would “like” Willy and the “way” he could talk him into reconsidering the grade. A woman appeared from the bathroom and a horrified Biff watched his father surrender two boxes of stockings and order her from the room. Biff lost all respect for his dad stating that his instructor wouldn’t listen to him now for he was a liar and a fake.

Biff tries several times to sever himself from the business world, but he can’t tolerate the guilt and is drawn back to try again. He tried to fulfill the “dream” but became increasingly more disappointed. His desire was to work on a ranch feeling that he could do the work he enjoyed and “still be something” ... “We don’t belong in this nuthouse of a city.”

Haunted by the dream, Biff attempts to borrow money from an old employer to go into business. Willy boosted Biff’s confidence telling him that the man “always liked him” and that “personality always wins the day.” After an unsuccessful engagement with the employer, even stealing his fountain pen on his way out, Biff realizes he was kidding himself. He was never really a salesman, only a shipping clerk whom the employer didn’t even remember. Reality sets in and Biff admits he has been in a dream world for fifteen years. When he attempts to leave and follow his own dream, Willy tells him not to blame him when he’s “rotting beside the railroad tracks” because business is the only proper way to make it.

Biff admits that he’s had a life of stealing and has spent time in jail, having stolen his way “out of every good job since high school.” He blamed this on the fact that he was filled with the rejection of taking orders from anyone — it was “big shot” or nothing. Biff has contempt for the business world and admits the truth of who he really is and what he wants out of his “dream.”

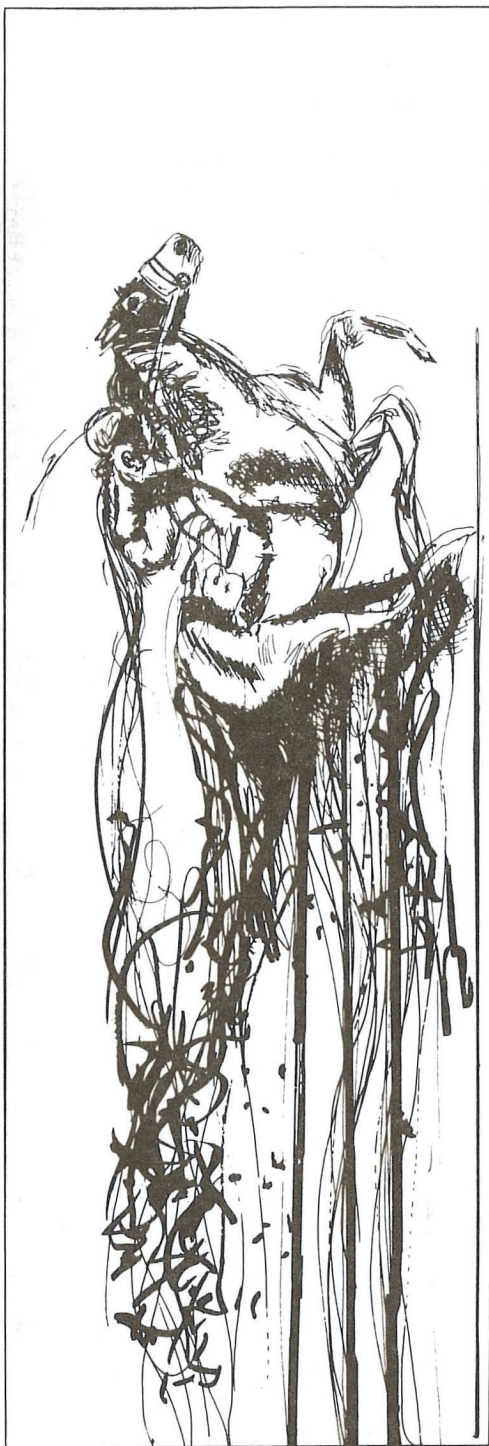
Linda was keenly aware of Willy’s exhaustion and plight saying he was “only a little boat looking for a harbor” and she tried to protect him from his confusion knowing he was trying to kill himself. She is devoted and tries to ease the burden for Willy defending his right to confusion due to his lack of pay and self respect.

Aware of Willy’s condition, she allows herself to be encouraged by his optimism when he feels the tide is changing, temporarily deceiving herself. She will stick with him to the end, upholding his dreams.

Linda was Willy’s fortress and unaware of the affair he had. Each time Willy witnessed Linda mending stockings, the guilt would surface and he would insist she stop mending — “it gets me nervous.” She was not aware that if Biff had not seen The Woman with Willy, he would not have lost his zest for success or broken his faith in his father.

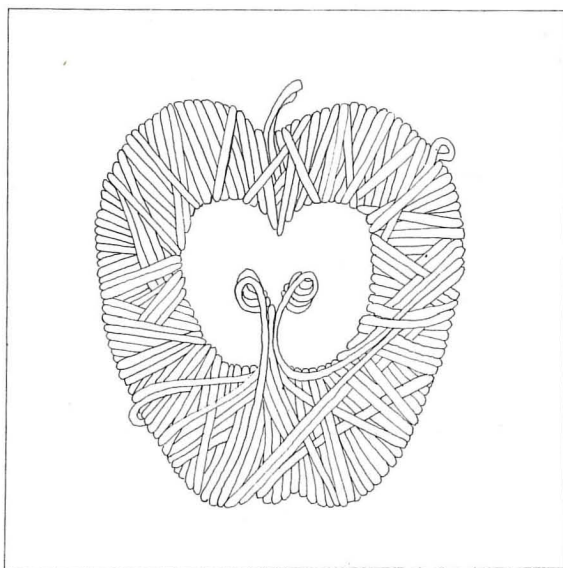
Through the development of the characters, namely Biff, the author implies

RACING
Holly Jensen



that a person should recognize his own strength and build upon it. This is shown by Willy's manual labor successes and Biff's realization of a dream gone sour. Willy was a "prisoner" in his society, serving a "life" term and leaving others to follow in his footsteps equally unaware of their fate.

If we would allow ourselves to discard the programmed "dream" of society and follow our own personal desires, we would avoid the conflict within ourselves and be able to live peacefully, guiltfree and accepting ourselves for what we really are. Entrapment in someone else's "dream" can only lead to discontentment.



YARN APPLE (Cutaway View)
Alex Gleissner

ONE EYE ON AN ANT; ONE ON SABOTAGE by Steve Gardner

Behind your back yard,
On a July morning,
You live in the sand,
Pretend for hours and hours,

Stretched on your stomach
With one eye on an ant,
The other shut tight,
Switching each after each.

The ant digs and digs,
Struggles up the small hills,
Which amuses you
Because it takes so long,

When it gets far off
You make another hill,
After that one more,
But the ant climbs and climbs.

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IN MEMORIUM — IONE LAUTNER

Readers of *Patterns* magazine will be saddened to learn of the death in June, 1984, of Ione Lautner, who was the former librarian of Port Huron Junior College/St. Clair County Community College. Upon her retirement, the 1970 edition of *Patterns* was dedicated to Ione in honor of her years of devoted service to the community college.

Ione was employed by the Port Huron Area Schools for four years before transferring to Port Huron Junior College in 1953. She received a Bachelor of Arts degree from Michigan State University and a Master of Arts degree in Library Science from the University of Michigan.

Many of Ione's friends and colleagues remember the years she single-handedly managed the library and engineered its move from the former Port Huron Junior College building on Pine Grove and Huron streets to what is now the Main Building at St. Clair County Community College. Subsequently, she was involved in the transfer of the library facility from the third floor of Main to its current location in the CEM, where she worked until her retirement in 1970.

Ione was an active retiree who donated many hours to the library in Croswell and to the Sanilac County Museum. She was also an avid traveler. Her varied interests took her on many trips to Europe, the Mediterranean, as well as such places as China and the Philippine Islands. Just as exciting as her destinations, her modes of travel included car, bus, ocean liner, freighter, and jet aircraft. Her life was an active commitment to learning.

The Ione Lautner Memorial Fund was established by her many friends and donated to the Friends of the Arts/*Patterns* magazine as a tribute to her literary interests.

THE ELEANOR B. MATHEWS WRITING AWARD

This writing award was established in 1983 by the family and friends of Eleanor B. Mathews, for many years an outstanding teacher of English and an inspiring poet at St. Clair County Community College.

The monetary award is to be given to the student who, in the estimation of the English faculty, has submitted an entry to the annual *Patterns*' competition, which exhibits outstanding creativity, technical skill, and individual style. The cash award may be divided among more than one recipient.

The first award, presented in the 25th Silver Anniversary edition, went to Stephen W. Strobbe. The second E.B. Mathews Writing Award is presented to Mary Joann Hayes, a non-traditional student, who, after years of selfless giving to others in her family, her church, and her community, entered the college to assume new responsibilities and challenges as a student and to enrich her own living with courses centered on a formal education.

When Joann became a student, she was already a loving wife, a caring mother, and a doting grandmother. In May, 1984, she was graduated with magna cum laude honors; she was awarded an associate degree in Youth Services and hopes someday to have her own child-care center.

Her ability to communicate well was especially evident in her English and speech classes; she was active in forensics and took Advanced Composition. Two of her essays appear in this issue of *Patterns*: "Gold" was awarded first place honors and "If Only . . ." third place honors in the personal essay category. Two years ago Joann also had two works submitted and published in the literary essay category. Her study of Theodore Roethke, a Michigan poet, entitled "The Teacher Poet" took first place honors, while her other literary essay was a comparison of theme treatment entitled "On Being Alone."

Joann represents the finest of SCCC students who bring enthusiasm and energy to the classroom, who inspire other students and teachers to greater shared learning experiences, and who, in leaving the college, leave a legacy for others to fulfill their individuality and their potential. It is with pride that the second Eleanor B. Mathews Writing Award is presented to Mary Joann Hayes for her creativity, her skill, and her individual style.

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